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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—

Chronicle	135
As Amended by the Lords	138
England's Duty in Africa	139
Mr. Pope's Fly-Fisher's Register ..	140
Incitements to Violence	141
Portrait of a Lord Chancellor	142
Mr. Balfour at Leicester	142
Labouchere v. Hyndman	143

MISCELLANEOUS—

Christmas in Calcutta	144
Money Matters	145
The Tempest at Oxford	146
Picture Exhibitions	146
Insurance Reform	147
The Theatres	148

REVIEWS—

The Duke of Argyll's Poems	149
Novels	150
Two Noble Lives	151

Michel and Wedmore on Rembrandt	152
Books on Ireland	154
Two Picture-Books	155
The Abysmal Fauna	156
The English Church, 1800-1833 ..	156
New Prints	157
A Couple of Catalogues	158
French Literature	158
New Books and Reprints	159

ADVERTISEMENTS..... 160-166

CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.
Lords

THE Lords again took up the Parish Councils Bill on yesterday week, and bestowed their attention upon the Ninth and Tenth Clauses, dealing with allotments. Lord SALISBURY made a very important speech, pointing out that, unless some better system of control was provided, not merely the value of the landlord's land, but that of the farmer's farm, might be injured irretrievably by the selection of the best spots. The amendment, with others, was carried, and this led up to a very moderate but very powerful appeal from the Duke of DEVONSHIRE to the Government, to be content with establishing the Councils as an experiment, and not endeavour to make them run, leap, and play complicated gymnastics before it is certain that they can walk. This appeal was rejected, in a speech of rather theatrical indignation, by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who, between his illness and the abuse of the Radicals because he packs the Bench negligently, seems to be in a very bad temper.

The Peers returned on *Monday* to their useful work, and fresh portions of that very "dirty boy," the Parish Councils Bill, began to appear bright, clean, and presentable under their good lordships' affectionate care. The proposal to reduce the limit of expenditure of the Councils was, after some discussion, postponed; but the enfranchisement of the compounder, or in other words the non-ratepayer, was adversely discussed. On Clause 14 the iniquitous provisions of the COBB Amendment and the disabilities of churchwardens generally were attacked and lopped off, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY neatly producing an actual instance in which, a testatrix having left equal sums under similar trusts to the Church and a Nonconformist body, the Church would, under the Bill as it passed the Commons, lose control of her share, while the sect would be untouched. All this time the Government champions had nothing to urge but the old parrot-cry of "trust in the people." And, indeed, it is difficult to understand why the Government does not spare Lord KIMBERLEY—who is not in his first youth, and has been very ill lately—all this trouble by simply getting a well-trained parrot to sit in the House of Lords, and say "Trust the people! Trust the people!" He would do it very nicely, and Lord KIMBERLEY would be relieved. At the end of the evening a wicked trick was played by Lord SALISBURY. "This cynical and

"haughty noble," as an evening print finely calls him, the Duke of RICHMOND having sought to rescue the *ex-officio* Guardian from his doom, observed that *ex-officio* Guardians were magistrates appointed by the Lord Chancellor, and you never knew when a Lord Chancellor might arise who would appoint candidates for political reasons. "His own trust in such 'people,'" said Lord SALISBURY pathetically, "was 'rapidly diminishing.'" This caused the House to laugh, and "drew" the actual LORD CHANCELLOR. He arose in a mighty hurry to protest that he had never done such things, and that his conscience was quite at ease—which he showed by entering into a very long and irrelevant vindication of himself.

On *Tuesday* also the Lords were not weary in well-doing, and it is not quite clear whether Gladstonians were most enraged by Lord SALISBURY's deference to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE in the matter of the compounder who was let off disfranchisement, or by the rescue of London from the provisions of a Bill which had no business ever to have touched it. Their rage on the former point, which found vent in calling Lord SALISBURY a "Copper Captain" (*D.N.*), and picturing desperate wrath on his part towards the Liberal-Unionist leader, is all the more amusing because it is so exceedingly transparent. For, in the first place, the actual course of events entirely frees the Conservative party from the charge of a blind and preconceived hostility to the Bill, and, in the second, it deprives the Gladstonians of a plausible, if not absolutely well-founded, cry which they had intended to get up to the effect that in this particular amendment the Lords were trenching on the privileges of the Commons, in matter of taxation, local as well as national. As a matter of fact, the Upper House has shown, in the first place, that it listens to reason and discusses impartially, and, in the second, that it is very careful of infringing even the questionable rights of the Lower. Which is not convenient for our Gladstonian friends just now. The liberation of London from the Bill was the last act of the evening, which had seen divers other improvements.

On *Thursday* the Pecksniffian public-house clause, after being threatened and made the subject of some wholesome language by the Duke of RICHMOND and Lord SALISBURY, was retained in deference to the amiable susceptibilities of the Bishops; but the forty years' limitation beyond which, to use famous words, the

Councils "may begin to rob" the Church was struck out, and the Bill improved in other ways. And so, after five nights' diligent work, ended the Committee stage of a process which has been impudently misrepresented by Gladstonians, but which is simply a carrying out by the House of Lords, in English local government, of the wishes of the majority of the English people, and of their representatives in the House of Commons, against those of a minority backed by Scotch Gladstonians and Irish Separatists.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wrote to a correspondent against interference with the educational compromise of 1870. Mr. BALFOUR continued his visit at Manchester. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN received, in Edinburgh, a deputation about the Volunteers. The Irish Parnellites issued a manifesto, asking for supplies, and intimating complete dissatisfaction with the policy of the Government. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, to a meeting of the Independent Labour Party, intimated dissatisfaction as complete with things in general and the House of Lords in particular.

On Saturday last Mr. BALFOUR, on his way from Manchester to London, stopped at the very Radical town of Leicester, opened a new Constitutional Club, and afterwards spoke at a large meeting, appealing from the new Radicals and Liberals to the old, and criticizing very briskly Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's novel theories of the Constitution.

Sir CHARLES RUSSELL spoke at Sunbury, on Monday, and quoted Mr. BRIGHT's opinion of the House of Lords with gusto. Is Sir CHARLES prepared to accept all Mr. BRIGHT's opinions? Mr. HALDANE, at Peckham, said that his friend Mr. ASQUITH would never, never accept the Lords' Amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH spoke at Bristol on Tuesday, advocating a brisk fighting policy, and challenging a dissolution. On the same day the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, under the perhaps not wholly sympathizing presidency of Mr. CHANNING, gave a warm support to the action of the House of Lords in reference to the Parish Councils Bill. The Bimetallic League met at Manchester, Sir DAVID BARBOUR, the late Indian Finance Minister, being the chief speaker.

Thursday was a day of much speaking, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appearing at Birmingham, and divers representatives of the Government elsewhere, while at Northampton there was a duel between Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. HYNDMAN. There were also representative meetings of Loyalists, and others, in Ireland.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Intelligible accounts of what happened last week at Rio arrived on yesterday week, and it appeared that, as we supposed, Admiral DA GAMA had been guilty of nothing like the compound of temerity and pusillanimity attributed to him. On the contrary, he appears to have behaved with dignity and discretion, while the conduct of the American Admiral had at least not commended itself to the majority of the representatives of foreign Powers. BEHANZIN, the King of Dahomey, had surrendered to General DODDS, thereby pleasing the French much. An attempt to resuscitate the Panama Canal was spoken of. There was said to be discontent, if not positive disturbance, in Crete, the storm-glass of the Eastern Question.

On Monday morning things appeared to be quieter at Cairo. The reports of a sharp dispute on the French Navy Commission, at which Admiral GERVAIS had been behaving to his civilian comrades in a quarter-leek fashion (and that of a rather silly quarter-deck), were confirmed by the announcement that the gallant Admiral's feelings had been consulted by substituting his chief subordinate for him. M. SARDOU had been protesting against invasion of authors' rights,

the most sacred, as is well known, of all. Some hitch was said to have arisen in the delimitation of the Franco-German spheres at the back of the Cameroons. In Portugal Ministers had given way to the sulks noticed here last week, and the shops were to be opened. The Italian deficit was estimated at over five millions sterling; but the Government hoped to meet it by retrenchment to the extent of rather less than one-fifth, and fresh taxes or monopolies to the extent of four-fifths. Marshal CAMPOS, in his character of negotiator, had reached Morocco; the Greek Chamber was said to be in bed with influenza; and there was the usual tangle of contradictions from Brazil.

A telegram, but not an official one, reported on Tuesday morning a fresh attack by French troops on the Sierra Leone Frontier Police. It was charitably hoped that this might be a doublet by rumour on the Warina affair, of which some details, but still not from the French side, arrived. In France VAILLANT had been duly executed. Count VON CAPRIVI, interrogated by some German Mr. LABOUCHERES about the Duke of COBURG, made the excellent reply that "the Duke of COBURG could not but be a German and a German prince." Exactly; and so, also, the Duke of EDINBURGH cannot but be an Englishman and an English subject. And there's an end on't. A scheme of note-forging on a great scale had been discovered in Holland. The Russians were complaining that France was "not only dear to them, but most expensive," in consequence of her commercial policy. Queen NATALIE was expected in Servia—probably with mixed feelings. The almost incredible report as to the origin of the recent mutiny at the Cameroons was confirmed, and somewhat later officially admitted.

The new collision near Sierra Leone was confirmed in Wednesday morning's news, and a fresh proof of the rather sinister activity of France in that region was reported, the French having annexed Half Cavally, a place on the Kroo Coast, which was either Liberian or independent. The KHEWIDE had addressed the Egyptian General Assembly in colourless and correct terms; but the Assembly, taking a leaf out of Western books, had suggested the lowering of the Alexandrian franchise (O shades of PHARAOS and of PTOLEMIES, of NITOCRIS and CLEOPATRA!) in order to oust the European members of the Municipality. LOBENGULA had gout, and Mr. DAWSON and Mr. RENNY-TAYLOR had gone to suggest to him to come in. The King is marvellously long suffering towards Europeans; but somehow one would not have thought a fit of gout to be the exact *mollia tempora* in which to approach a Zulu chief whom we have just driven from his home and bereft of most of his army. The Russo-German commercial treaty and the Franco-German agreement as to the Cameroons were both said to be in a good way; and Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS was getting on well with the Sultan of MOROCCO. At Washington an amendment urging the annexation of Hawaii had been lost; but the Republicans, by working the *quorum* trick and retiring, had prevented the contrary resolution from being voted.

These rather puerile tactics, however, merely postponed the matter till next day, when the motion censuring the interference of the American Minister, and declaring annexation inexpedient, was duly passed. It was again asserted on Thursday morning that the KHEWIDE wanted to make a "statement" about the Wady Halfa incident. A gentle but significant reply to his conduct in regard to MAHER Pasha was made by the elevation to the Knight-Commandership of St. Michael and St. George, not merely of Mr. Justice SCOTT, but of General KITCHENER. It was reported from France that the annexation of Half Cavally would not be maintained, and some attempt was made to throw the blame of the new affray at Sierra Leone

on the English colonial authorities. But how could the English colonial authorities, diabolic as their disposition may be, make the gentlemen of the French Black Guard invariably fire first in these encounters? There was also discontent, or at least apprehension, in France on the subject of the Russo-German treaty, and of the Cameroons agreement. "It is all very well to kiss me, and dine with me, and take all the presents I give you; but why do you go and make commercial treaties with my enemy?" says GALLIA. And in the other case it seems the French fear "a check to M. MIZON"—a phrase which, considering all things, is very happy and naïf. The influenza, or the Opposition, had counted out the Greek Chamber; but it was reported that the sons of the Greeks were pretty unanimous in refusing the intemperate desire of the barbarian to be paid what is owing to him.

It was reported from Paris yesterday morning that a "light column had been surprised by the Tuaregs," and French fears whispered that this meant the total destruction of Colonel BONNIER'S Timbuctoo force. The German Ministers had had a very bad half-hour over the story of women-flogging at the Cameroons, which, however, Dr. KAYSER had met frankly and honestly. The famous American man-of-war *Kearsage*, which by superior weight of metal sank the *Alabama* thirty years ago, was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico.

The Law Courts. A decision important in itself, and interesting in view of the present position of the Employers' Liability Bill, was given by Mr. Justice MATHEW and Mr. Justice COLLINS yesterday week. It was an action by an infant against the North-Western to be relieved of his "contract out"; but the Judges confirmed the decision of the County Court Judge, that the contract was for his benefit in all respects, and must stand.

Some cases of interest were decided on Monday both in the superior and inferior Courts. Mr. Justice CHARLES decided in part, but not on the most important points, against the London Scottish in a suit, which had been going on for some days, brought by the Conservators of Wimbledon Common. Mr. Justice MATHEW and Mr. Justice COLLINS reversed a decision by which a game-dealer, sending, in answer to an order for partridges, birds in such a condition that they were seized and condemned on a magistrate's order, was pronounced to have executed his commission, and to be entitled to recover. And at Westminster Mr. DE RUTZEN, getting hold of one of the type, inexpressible in English, which the experienced precision of French calls *le mari souteneur*, accommodated him with two successive sentences of six months' hard labour each for assaults on his wife and another woman. It is a pity that the cat could not be added—say, once a fortnight during the time.

The great Maltese Marriages case came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on Monday. At the other end of the scale in the Westminster Police Court an extremely curious artist in begging-letter writing, apparently for some one else, but really for himself, was let off on the ground that, although a false impression had undoubtedly been created, there was no technical false pretence, while the statements in the letter were not untrue.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It was announced on Monday morning that HER MAJESTY had been pleased to confer a baronetcy on Mr. BURNE-JONES, and had offered another to Mr. WATTS, who had "respectfully declined." The comment of the *Times*, that somehow "one never looked in that light on the painter of the *Chant d'Amour*," is not entirely intelligible. How do you look in a baronetcy light on a painter, and what sort of a light is it? Is it a north light, or an ancient light, or what? However, let us hope that Sir EDWARD will

not object to be looked at in it by the *Times*. Meanwhile, every one who cares for and has any taste in English art will rejoice; and the Royal Academy may possibly feel in the least little degree foolish.

The London County Council. The London County Council on Tuesday decided that it ought to have the control of the police. But, fortunately, the London County Council is not exactly the arbiter in this matter, and certain little recent revelations as to its management of the Fire Brigade (a far less ticklish matter) will probably have more effect than a hundred such resolutions.

Labour. An "unemployed" demonstration took place from Tower Hill to Trafalgar Square this day week. Some hotheads were punched by the police, and the after speakers advised their hearers to "bring something in their pockets next time." It is distressing, but scarcely surprising, to hear that the guardians of law and order made remarks uncomplimentary to Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. ASQUITH when they were asked "how long this was going to be allowed?" Meanwhile, the Independent Labour party at Manchester refused to disavow connexion with Anarchism.

On Monday WILLIAMS is said to have repeated his threats of sending the police to Heaven by "chemical parcels post." He denied this subsequently, but decidedly *more Gladstonico*, and later admitted it as "a quotation from Mr. JOHN BURNS." Later still he denied or varied his denial or admission, and we confess that we really do not know what he says he said.

Correspondence. A sharp and rather interesting dispute has arisen between two well-known publishers, Messrs. HEINEMANN and WALTER SCOTT, on the question whether there is copyright in the works of a foreign author like Count TOLSTOI, who declines to claim, assign, or in any respect deal with the literary property in his works.

In Wednesday's *Times* a long letter was printed from Mr. J. E. C. BODLEY, protesting against Mr. BALFOUR'S recent observations as to French dislike of England. But Mr. BODLEY'S counter-argument merely came to what we all know, that individual Frenchmen are very courteous, and even very cordial, to individual Englishmen. That hardly touches the question. Mr. BODLEY quotes the late Lord LYTON as an example. It is not a convincing one. No Englishman, probably, was ever better liked by Frenchmen, or liked them better. But did Mr. BODLEY ever ask Lord LYTON'S opinion as to the general sentiment of Frenchmen towards England as a nation?

Sports. Two interesting "international" matches at Rugby football came off this day week, Ireland defeating England at Blackheath, and Wales beating Scotland very decisively at Newport.—BUBEAR, one of the few English professional scullers who has recently had any reputation, rowed a race on Monday from Putney to Mortlake with HARDING of Chelsea, a much younger man, but the latter won easily. Football matches were played on the same day at Oxford and Bedford with two French teams who have come over, and who were met, as they should be, with warm hospitality and a sound beating.—As usual, strict training for the University Boat Race began (or was supposed to begin) on Ash Wednesday. It did not appear, however, that the composition of the Cambridge crew had even yet been settled, considerable difficulty having been experienced in getting men at once heavy and good for the middle places. The Oxford boat, on the other hand, appeared to be pretty definitely filled with a crew of weight and promise. But the boast of him who goeth into training is not necessarily that of him who passeth the "Ship" first.

Miscellaneous. Details of the proposed scheme for the construction of a London Teaching University were published early in the week, as also some interesting accounts by Mr. SELOUS of the fate of Major WILSON and the Matabele ambassadors, &c.

News of interest has been published this week as to the discovery of some papyrus fragments of HOMER containing several new lines.

On Wednesday fire destroyed great part of Lord FEVERSHAM'S seat at Duncombe Park, with some of the art treasures of a house which contains many, which is one of the most delightfully situated of all English houses, and which has been extraordinarily unlucky in respect of fires.

Obituary. General HERZOG was a kind of Swiss MOLTKE, and had spent all his life and a great part of the century in looking after the military interests of the Helvetians. Once, moreover, it fell to his lot to conduct an operation quite different from desk or review work; for it was he who arranged and superintended the surrender and internment of BOURBAKI'S luckless army when it was hemmed in on the Jura.—Mr. G. W. CHILDS, of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, was very well known as one of the most respectable representatives of American journalism.—The Rev. FREDERICK PONSONBY, who died of apoplexy last week, had done unusually good work at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, for the last fifteen years or more, and in other places, for about the same period, earlier.—Dr. BILLROTH, Viennese by domicile, North German by birth, and Swedish by extraction, was one of the greatest authorities and operators of the day in surgery, both military and general.—Mlle. MARIA DERAISMES, a French Freethinker, Freemasoness, woman's rights advocate, and philanthropist generally, has had her literary and intellectual qualities rather absurdly overpraised in some obituary notices, as often happens to rich and hospitable persons who take decided lines. But she was really a woman of benevolent intentions, and of not inconsiderable ability.—Mr. PRENDERGAST, the author of *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, one of the most vigorous and valuable of modern books on Irish history, was not far off his ninetieth year. Until the beginning of the Home Rule agitation he had been claimed by Irish Nationalists as a partisan of theirs; but, like almost all careful students of Irish history who had any brains, he took the Unionist side when the pinch came.—Mr. BALLANTYNE was an extremely popular caterer in boys' books for the generation immediately succeeding that which had to depend on Captain MAYNE REID almost alone for fresh supplies of that variety of "soft tommy."

AS AMENDED BY THE LORDS.

IT is a good deal easier to describe the condition in which the Parish Councils Bill is being sent back to Mr. GLADSTONE by the House of Lords than to forecast the reception which he will give it. Of course, if the measure had ever had any pretensions to be an honest one, there would be no such difficulty on this latter score. In that case Ministers would recognize that their legislation had been treated with remarkable, if not excessive, leniency by the "Tory Court of Revision"—as, in terms of, we fear, but imperfectly deserved compliment, their supporters are wont to call it—and they would proceed to adjust their differences in the traditional give-and-take spirit of English Parliamentary controversy. Indeed, if the measure were an honest one—that is to say, if it were a *bonâ-fide* attempt at the extension of Local Government on democratic lines—and if its authors had no other purposes to serve than such as could be best or only served by passing it into law, they would probably be pre-

pared to advance even further still on the path of pacific negotiation. In their desire to achieve their legislative object, they would then, no doubt, be disposed to overlook a considerable amount of mis-handling of their measure, and, even though they were far from admitting that it had been leniently treated by the Lords, to approach its reconsideration with a preconceived, if private, resolve to make the best terms that they could for their Bill, and to get it upon the Statute Book however much altered in their view for the worse. None of these calculations help us, however, in the present instance to forecast the action of the Government, for the simple reason that the passing of the Bill is not their single-minded aim by any means. "I will do them the credit to say," observed Mr. BALFOUR the other night, "that I do think they want the Parish Councils Bill to pass." So do we; but we feel sure that we should be doing them undue credit if we said that there is nothing that they want more. There is something that they want very much more; and that is, a chance of making the electorate forget their odious Home Rule Bill in the excitement of a quarrel with the House of Lords.

Still they know well enough, of course, that a good cause of quarrel is not to be had by mere wishing for it, and they will doubtless examine the situation and the prospect carefully enough before deciding upon a fight. The changes which the Lords have made in the Bill are all of them naturally distasteful to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Radicals, and if we were to take the swagger of these gentry seriously, there is hardly one of them, even the smallest, which would not justify the Government in dropping the Bill, if the Lords insist on the amendment, and calling on the constituencies to avenge them. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, however, has more wit than to attempt to "rush" things in this fashion. He is not likely, for instance, to attempt to inflame the rural elector against his prohibition from appropriating other people's school-rooms to the purposes of parish meetings—especially as the rural elector has, in nine cases out of ten, a sneaking preference for that public-house which Gladstonian hypocrisy represents him as regarding with so holy a horror; and there are more than one of the Lords' amendments which would hardly provide the majority in the Commons with any better *casus belli* than this. On the other hand, there is no denying that by many of them the wings of the predatory Radical—let us say his *talaria*, in honour of MERCURY, his patron god—have been very freely clipped. The limitation placed by the Peers on the compulsory power conferred upon the Parish Councils for taking land for the purposes of allotment is one example of this; another, and still more notable one, is supplied by the dealings with the provisions relating to the control of the Council over local charities. Even the raising of the minimum of population entitling a parish to a Council from two to five hundred is an amendment of a kind which can be plausibly represented as hostile to the principle and spirit of the Bill; as also is the exemption of the metropolitan Vestries from its operation. True there is not one, even the most important, of these changes which a single-minded friend of the measure would not assent to rather than sacrifice it altogether; but then, as we have said before, the Government are not single-minded in their friendship for it. The question which they will ask themselves as regards each of the amendments will simply be, Which is the better way to treat this amendment in order to catch the greatest number of agricultural votes? To refuse to accept it, and, if the Bill is thereby lost, to go to the rural voter and tell him that the Lords have robbed him of his "boon"? or to give him the Bill thus "marred," and while appropriating to ourselves the credit of having given it to

him, to impress upon him that the boon would have been ever so much more "fine and large" if it had not been for the wicked Lords?

Much, of course, will depend on the question which of the two modes of procedure will be the more adapted to the comprehension of HODGE. Will he understand the Bill just well enough to be grateful for it, yet not well enough to see through the mendacious imposture with which its authors have overlaid their account of it? If so, the latter of the two courses will, no doubt, seem the more eligible to the Gladstonians. If, on the other hand, there is any chance of HODGE "finding him out" and his precious Bill along with him before the next election, any excuse should be seized upon for withdrawing it from the test of actual operation. On the whole, however, the attractions of the latter line of tactics seem to us most unlikely to prevail. There is a sort of "double-action" dishonesty about it which would doubtless have much charm for the Radical electioneer. Let us pass the Bill in whatever form we can, he will be apt to say, and then lustily trumpet our benefaction in the ears of the rural elector on every provincial platform in the country. If he takes us and our bounty at our own valuation, well and good. Even then we can say that but for the Lords it would have been more liberal still, while if he is disappointed with it, we must insist with all the more fervour on the cruel curtailment of benefits which it suffered at their hands. We must beat it well into his head that, if he cannot help himself to the squire's land as freely as he had hoped, or get possession of the charitable funds of the Church as easily as he had imagined, or quarter as many of his able-bodied relatives on the parish as recipients of outdoor relief as he had expected, he must thank the heartless selfishness and unworthy class jealousy of the Peers.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the possibility—not to say the probability—that this line of action will be taken by the Government was not more present to the mind of the Liberal-Unionists and other members of the Moderate party in the House of Lords. Moderation is an excellent thing in its proper place; and a pacific attitude may be very becomingly assumed towards the right sort of enemy. But the lamb would hardly have gained anything by offering to meet the wolf half-way. For the moment we will leave the question of principle out of account, though we presume that there are some kinds of outrage upon public justice, some degrees of iniquity in legislation, which Unionists ought not to assent to even to insure a majority for the Union at the next election, and it is at least arguable that, in the subversion of the Poor-law system and the substitution for it of the method of allowing the pauper, through his representatives, to vote his own relief from the pockets of other people, this form of the intolerable is reached. Leaving that question out of account, however, it would surely have been wiser for the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and his supporters to ask themselves what they could possibly gain by thwarting the endeavours of Lord SALISBURY and the Conservatives to protect the ratepayer from, at any rate, unchecked spoliation. The case stands thus:—Either the vote of the rural elector can be retained for Home Rule by means of a bribe of other people's money or it cannot. If it cannot; if the rural elector is either incapable of being bribed, or (which is less probable) understands enough of the Home Rule controversy to know that he is being bribed to consent to a dangerous, immoral, and unpatriotic policy; or if (which is more probable) he has no objection to the bribe, but is disappointed at the amount—on any one of these hypotheses the Duke's concessions to the mischievous principle of the Poor-law clauses will have been wholly superfluous. If, on the other hand, the Glad-

stonian bribe is otherwise likely to effect its purpose, the attempt of the Liberal-Unionist peers to "stand in" with their political adversaries is quite certain to fail. What advantage, for instance, can possibly have accrued to the Unionist cause from the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's opposition to Lord ONSLOW's compound-householder amendment? If the Bill is lost, the Liberal-Unionists will be involved with the Conservatives in a common storm of Gladstonian abuse, for all their "Liberal" vote on this question. If the Bill passes, the Gladstonians will remind the rural labourer that it is no fault of Lord SALISBURY's that he has not been disfranchised, and that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is *solidaire* with Lord SALISBURY. To attempt to conciliate opponents by a surrender of convictions has never paid in English politics; and we hope it never may.

ENGLAND'S DUTY IN AFRICA.

A GREAT deal of interesting matter concerning England's relations and prospects in the four corners of Africa came together in the news of the earlier part of this week. Two parts, or batches, of this—those concerning Egypt and Matabeleland, especially Mr. SELOUS's interesting story of certain of his experiences there—are mainly, but not wholly, retrospective, though they are retrospect which has not a little prospective character about it. It is to be hoped that those of the varying, and rather contradictory, Egyptian rumours which report the KHEDIVÉ as being clothed and in his right mind are correct; but, whether they are or not, there must be no shilly-shallying in that quarter. As for Mr. SELOUS—whose combination of craftsmanship, modesty, and pluck, both in the field of battle, in that of sport, and in that of letters, has made all Englishmen like him—we may pardon, or rather we hardly find anything needing pardon in, his warm apology for the War of Conquest against the Matabele. If, as he thinks likely, LOBENGULA prefers crossing the Zambesi in the teeth of LEWANIKA, and trying to carve out a fresh kingdom in Barotseland or elsewhere, there may, as we ourselves have pointed out before, be considerable difficulty; but this is guesswork. We are sorry to say that one part of Mr. SELOUS's story will hardly convey much satisfaction to Englishmen, on the very unpleasant affair of the shooting of LOBENGULA's envoys. He himself, it seems, invited their escort and safe-conductor, Mr. DAWSON, into his house at Tati. The unlucky Matabele were thus left unexplained and under suspicion, were put under arrest, grew suspicious themselves, and ran amuck. Mr. SELOUS's conduct was natural enough, and that of Mr. DAWSON, though thoughtless, hardly criminal. But we must again ask, as we asked at the time, what Colonel GOULD-ADAMS's idea of his duty is? The Tati Concession, indeed, where Mr. SELOUS's house was and where the party arrived, was not in the Bechuanaland Police camp, but on the other side of the river. But did Colonel GOULD-ADAMS leave that other side—the side nearest the enemy—without a guard? And if that guard saw a Matabele party arrive with a white man, was it not its duty at once to find out from the white man what their business was and to inform the commanding officer?

The reported recurrence of unprovoked attacks by French troops on English at the back of Sierra Leone may or may not be a serious business; but, even if it is as little serious as it is possible for it to be, it cannot be passed over. Had there been any possible excuse for the Warina affair from a French point of view it must have been forthcoming long before this; and England has very good-naturedly agreed, in that instance, to accept an apology where there is no possible

excuse. Repetitions of the affair cannot be allowed. And it is to be feared that the area and sphere in which repetitions of it are possible and likely is a large and rapidly extending one. Few Englishmen have taken the trouble to wade through the accounts of French campaigns in the Soudan during the past ten years or so; but those who have know that they have been pursued with considerable determination, with a rather remarkable independence of home control, and with no small share of success. With our customary carelessness, the French have been allowed to hem in, separate, and bar the trade routes to our own coast colonies to a rather undesirable extent, and the value of the supposed counter-advantage of exact delimitation has been shown in this Warina incident, if not also in the other. It is further certain that, if not the French Government at home, French officers on the spot are putting a very curious construction on the general agreement of a few years ago between France and England in reference to the Niger and Lake Tchad countries. The impudent interlopings of Lieutenant MIZON are well known, and it is by no means certain that fresh occasion may not be given to them by the result of the present negotiations between France and Germany as to the Cameroons Hinterland. It is one of our odd English customs, and one of those which excite a mixture of irritation and contempt in foreign critics, that we always seem to act as if Powers friendly, or at least not hostile, to us were bound to take care of the interests which we look after so carelessly ourselves. It is at least possible that Germany, while observing her arrangements with ourselves in these regions, will not go out of her way to prevent France pressing up, as she is trying to do, from the Congo region towards the Benue and beyond. And if she does, we shall have more Warina incidents pretty nearly to a certainty.

But French schemes are known to go much farther than this. Captain or Major MONTEIL, one of the French representatives in this Cameroons matter, is identified with very extensive plans in the Central Soudan for the carrying out of which facilities are given by the arrangements between France and the Congo State. It is now positively known, as it has long been suspected, that the great Northern affluent of the Congo called the Ubangi in its lower, and the Welle in its upper, course can be followed without difficulty to the Niam-niam country and to the very Egyptian provinces which were abandoned after HICKS Pasha's defeat. It is further known that the large VAN KERCKHOVEN expedition, the exact performances of which have been kept so secret, made good its way at least to the furthest frontiers of the Free State, and perhaps a good deal further. There is the fact that the right bank of this very river (to an extent disputed, indeed, but not as yet by ourselves) is French. And, to crown all, there is the much-talked-of right of pre-emption over the Free State assigned to France, which, if we were at the Foreign Office, we should certainly not admit, inasmuch as an internationally created State cannot select one of its creators for preferential treatment. Putting all this together, it is not by any means "coffee-house babble" which talks of a French road to the Nile by another route than that of Alexandria or Port Said. We are glad to see that the easy and certain means of checking this which has been advocated in these pages for many years has now found other advocates. The mysterious withholding of the late Sir GERALD PORTAL'S report on Uganda has naturally excited gossip to the effect that there is a split in the Cabinet on this subject, and that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with others maintains in office the horror of this great addition to the British Empire which he showed in Opposition. It is, in any case, certain that, with Uganda retained in its present

condition, but still more formally taken under British rule, and with an officer like Captain LUGARD, who knows exactly where to go and what to do, put with an adequate, but not large, force at the head of it, all the dangers hinted at in the last paragraph can be prevented. The furthest post to the north need only be on the Nile a little below the Albert Nyanza, and from this by degrees the former Egyptian provinces to the west could be easily held. There is no need to indicate here the steps which, when it was convenient to make them, could follow this. It is sufficient to say for the present that the retention of Uganda and the throwing out of a grip on the uppermost waters of the Nile will practically give us the standing and starting places for keeping all we have got and getting all we can reasonably want in Africa. Nay, it will not only facilitate the most grandiose and patriotic of Mr. RHODES'S ideas as to a railway on British ground or over British rights of way from Capetown to the mouth of the Nile, but enable some one else to complete the new Southern Cross by another railway from Mombassa to the mouth of the Niger. So far as there is any one key of Africa, that key lies between the two great Nyanzas, and waits to be picked up.

MR. POPE'S FLY-FISHER'S REGISTER.

THE angler has ever been the subject of man's contempt. His glorious nibbles, his empty creel, his patience as that of a humble and unintellectual domestic animal, his manifold excuses for failure, his big fish that always get away have been a standing joke since the Flood. The angler rarely needs to keep a record and register of his captures; the wind is always wrong, the sun too bright, the fly an extinct insect. Thus Mr. POPE'S *Fly-Fisher's Register* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & Co.) is likely to move mirth among the profane. It holds tabulated forms for two hundred days, and we may venture to indicate how these might be filled up by a typical angler.

General Remarks.—Wind north-east and down stream, sun very bright. Cracked off ten flies. Got into the water over my boots; bad cold. Broke top of rod, having a trout weeded; lost him. Lost fly-book and part of landing-net. *Mem.*—Landing-net a bore to carry, and cannot be unhitched when wanted, if ever. Difficulty with a bull. On returning to Stockchurch, find that JONES has eight brace. Think it probable keeper caught them. Not a good day; better luck to-morrow.

Place and Pools Fished.—The Long Water, the Miller's Pool, the Meadow Runs, the Ash Pool.

Time engaged Fishing.—9 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Natural Flies on the Water.—None; there never are, as far as I can see, but I am short-sighted, and no entomologist. Saw a dragon-fly and some butterflies.

Time of Rising.—They were rising, off and on, all day; don't know at what; probably "the Curse."

Wind and Weather.—As bad as can be for fishing.

Artificial Flies Used.—The Alder, the Whitechurch Dun, the Claret Spinner—*tout le tremblement*, in fact, till fly-book unaccountably lost.

Number and Kind of Fish Taken.—Four small trout, under size.

Weight of each Fish.—Probably a quarter of a pound.

Total Weight of Fish.—One pound, very likely.

This, we fancy, would be a veracious and typical account and register of many a good man's fishing prowess. The question is, why we go on? It is expensive, very, what with club subscriptions, and travelling, and inns, and flies, and rods, and reels, and patent fly-boxes. Nature, by the waterside, is all we could

wish; here be flowers and birds—kingfishers, wild ducks, thrushes—the peaceful kine! The tame ducks, too, have a pleasant way of skirmishing in a favourite stream and picking up the flies, when there are any flies. A local boy is apt, as you approach a pool where you know there is a good trout, to hurl a large stone at it from a bridge. Generally a good trout lies under a willow-bough, which you may be quite certain of hooking, and also you may be sure of frightening the trout in disengaging the hook; this is most readily done by breaking the casting line. You mend it yourself, and, consequently, it breaks again if you do, by some “uncouth mercy,” hook a prosperous trout. The flicking off of flies is the tedious and wearying process of drying them is a misfortune always to be reckoned on, also the sudden flounders over the tops of the fishing-boats. Wet, cold, tired, defeated, disgusted: why does an angler persevere? This is an insoluble problem. Hope, remaining alone at the bottom of the basket, is a feasible explanation. Occasionally the worst fisher blunders into making a good cast; then

Hold hook and line,
And all is mine,

says the old poem. But such events are rare, while even the best fishers have many a blank, disappointing day, whether with trout or salmon. The ways of salmon, and why they will not take when the water is full of them, gaily capering around, are past finding out. The labour, too, is great—if great the prize. We must presume that “men are born to be anglers,” as WALTON says, and their perseverance is not more astonishing, their pertinacity not more mysterious, than the pertinacity and patience of the born poet. At lowest the angler enjoys fresh air, and plenty of it. But he might get fresh air without the troubles, expenses, and trials of rods, lines, and of hooks which stick, with diabolical ingenuity, in every created thing except the mouths of fishes.

INCITEMENTS TO VIOLENCE.

THE justice and the good policy of carrying out the sentence passed on VAILLANT are so obvious that they do not need to be justified. It would have been an act of foolish weakness to fail in applying the law which was passed in the panic produced by the outrages of RAVACHOL. The mere fact that there should have been any doubt as to the course the French Government would take is a sign of the extraordinary weakness of modern rulers in dealing even with the worst class of offenders against the State. Now the best that can be wished is that the miserable creature may be speedily forgotten. Unfortunately this is not likely to be the case. M. SEBASTIEN FAURE, who is a barrister, and M. ELISÉE RECLUS, who is known as the chief compiler of a gigantic geography, have set themselves to give the French Government good cause for applying to them the other laws passed to suppress incitements to violence. They have openly asserted that the execution of VAILLANT justifies reprisals. We do not hear that steps are to be taken against these firebrands. The energy of the French Government has apparently been exhausted in carrying out the verdict of the jury which condemned VAILLANT.

We may leave the French to deal with their own difficulties—having exactly the same question to settle for ourselves, though as yet on a smaller scale. The disorderly behaviour of the “unemployed” on last Saturday afternoon, and the violent language used by the agitator WILLIAMS on Monday, are enough to occupy our attention. A great deal of cant is talked—often unconsciously, but not always—by people who will persist in confounding the case of the real

unemployed with that of the people who meet on Tower Hill. The first are men who would do work if they could find any work to do. Unhappily there are always too many in that predicament, though the mild winter, and the revival of trade such as it is, have combined to reduce their number below the figure which is usual at this season of the year. But the rioters of Saturday do not belong to that class at all. They were a mere mob who followed an agitator to make a disturbance. If they had been honestly desirous of obtaining sympathy, they would have made use of the permission given them to meet in Trafalgar Square in the manner least vexatious to other people—that is to say, they would have followed the route assigned them by the police. By refusing to do this, and by endeavouring, to force their way through Fleet Street, they deprived themselves of all right to sympathy, and showed that their real object was to create a riot. It is mere cant to say that the cause of the unemployed can be forwarded by the blocking of the traffic of the Strand. Their conduct is a full condemnation of Mr. ASQUITH's decision to allow them to meet in Trafalgar Square at all. But in the course of the week their “organizers” have gone further. By deciding to postpone another meeting till they know “whether the unemployed will attend,” they have confessed that it was not the “unemployed” who met last Saturday.

The incident of the threats uttered by the man WILLIAMS on Monday is more significant of the mischief of this toleration of disorder than even the trifling riot of Saturday. He is reported to have said that, if the police were so brutal as to interfere with people, they could or might or would be sent to Heaven by “chemical parcels post.” It is true that he has declared the report “false” in very round terms. The terms of the denial were so round that WILLIAMS forgot to add the detail that it referred to another speech, and it is asserted by witnesses that the words were used. There can be no doubt that they amount to an incitement to violence, and supply a very sufficient reason why WILLIAMS should be prosecuted. The deduction that he will be prosecuted would, however, be exceedingly rash. Mr. ASQUITH has too good reason for treating this also as another example of the beneficent uses of the safety-valve. WILLIAMS's phrase about the “chemical parcels post” was a quotation from Mr. JOHN BURNS, who, it is to be presumed, will use his influence—not inconsiderable—to shield his imitator. The history of the phrase is interesting. Mr. BURNS wondered whether it would do any harm if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SALISBURY were sent to Heaven by chemical parcels post. Now WILLIAMS speaks of the same method of getting rid of the police. The first was neglected by a Conservative Home Secretary, and it is not wonderful that the second counts on tolerance from a Gladstonian. If some English VAILLANT, PALLAS, or FRANCH acts on the instruction, Mr. MATTHEWS and Mr. ASQUITH can share the responsibility between them.

The extreme awkwardness for Mr. ASQUITH of prosecuting the Tower Hill ranter for quoting the words of a useful supporter of the Ministry is the one visible valid reason for allowing him to escape with impunity. The value of his own assertion that the report was “false” is to be estimated by the language he has used since his denial. On Wednesday he attributed his phrase to its original author, and then added that, “if the police assailed the unemployed by “acts of violence, the men would be justified in “using the force that science placed in their hands.” WILLIAMS calls this “simply quoting Mr. BURNS”; we should describe it as adapting and applying his doctrine. Nor was the speech of Monday a whit more sober in mere quotation. On that occasion he is

reported to have amplified his text by saying that "All the constables in two lines of police could be removed by a piece the size of a penny carried in the pocket." He also prophesied, somewhat rashly, that "Never again would the unemployed march by the Embankment route, and even should it mean the loss of a few lives, they meant to have a procession again, probably next Saturday week, when the police would not have it all their own side." If threats and incitements to violence have ever qualified anybody for the attention of the Public Prosecutor, it is absurd that WILLIAMS should escape unnoticed.

It would be interesting to hear on what ground the usual stock excuses for leaving an agitator alone are used in this case. The first and the most familiar of these is the platitude that prosecution makes such men important. But WILLIAMS is of more importance while he is organizing a riot than he could be on trial or in gaol. We are also under the impression that provoking a riot is an offence, and it certainly was committed last Saturday. The endeavour of the unemployed, so called, to force their way from the Embankment to Fleet Street was distinctly riotous. The police were in the discharge of their duty, and the procession endeavoured to override them by force. It is not in the least necessary to show that there was a serious conflict. After Chicago and the outrages in France and Spain, it would be sheer folly to take it for granted that some rogue in the crowd which listens to the Tower Hill ranters will not endeavour to apply the idea which WILLIAMS plagiarized from the member for Battersea. A scuffle in which, perhaps, a hundred men are engaged affords an excellent opportunity for a crime of the kind. It is in any case monstrous that we should be in any doubt whether the risk is to be run. Violent language is not necessarily harmless because it is grotesque. Last Saturday's riot, and many outbreaks of the same kind, prove that it has directly mischievous effects. The first meeting at Trafalgar Square showed that exhortations to plunder receive a ready hearing from one kind of mob, and it is really unnecessary to make the experiment whether incitements to murder may not also be acted on.

PORTRAIT OF A LORD CHANCELLOR.

LIVELINESS is not, perhaps, the word which most accurately describes the debates in the Lords over the Parish Councils Bill; but they have had their vivacious passages, especially since the transient and embarrassed phantom which the noble house of ROBINSON has during two generations supplied to politics was taken off duty as leader *pro tem.* of the House of Lords. The return of Lord KIMBERLEY and Lord HERSCHELL, absent on sick leave, has slightly stimulated the flagging talk. The most amusing incident in the Committee stage was the encounter on Monday evening between Lord SALISBURY and the LORD CHANCELLOR. Lord HERSCHELL had on a previous evening thought it becoming to twit the Conservative leader with his experience of the difficulty which successful litigants sometimes find in recovering costs from defeated suitors. The joke was rather of the DODSON and FOGG order—such as might have been expected rather from one of the lower practitioners of the lower branch of the profession than from the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. But, though not witty in itself, it may have been indirectly the cause of wit in some one else. Perhaps we owe to it the imaginary portrait of a Lord Chancellor which Lord SALISBURY sketched, in a few vigorous strokes, on Monday evening. He is understood at one time to have amused himself with photography. There is no intimation in any of the reports

which we have seen that he brought a kodak with him into the House of Lords; but Lord HERSCHELL could not have been more graphically reproduced than in Lord SALISBURY's sketch of a Lord Chancellor of the future.

Lord SALISBURY avowed that he had lost faith in *ex officio* guardians of the poor. They are necessarily magistrates, and magistrates are made by the Lord Chancellor, and are only too likely to resemble the author of their being. Mr. TIM HEALY, it is believed, aspires one day to sit in the seat of CLARE and PLUNKET, and though the descent is great, some of Mr. GLADSTONE's appointments seem designed to ease it down. From Lord Chancellor HEALY to infer the character of the Irish magistracy would be an interesting, but by no means difficult, problem. Lord SALISBURY was not thinking of Ireland, to which the Parish Councils Bill does not apply, though it has been carried through the House of Commons solely by Irish votes. He indulged in the supposition that at some future time Lord HERSCHELL might be succeeded on the Woolsack by a Chancellor who would consider his party rather than his country in making appointments to the magistracy, selecting men not because they were fit to discharge the particular duties confided to them, but because they held such and such opinions. If by any mischance such a Lord Chancellor were to arise, said Lord SALISBURY, the *ex officio* guardians consisting of the magistrates of his nomination would probably be much inferior to guardians chosen by a system of popular election.

Lord SALISBURY's portrait and his manner of drawing have Parliamentary precedents. It recalls Sir WILLIAM WYNDHAM's invective against WALPOLE, in his sketch of a Minister such as England never yet had, and such as he hoped she never would have—without fortune or family, honour or virtue, enriched by the plunder of the nation, and dictating to a servile Parliament, &c.; and WALPOLE's counter-sketch of an anti-Minister, also purely imaginary, who had all the vices which the enemies of BOLINGBROKE ascribed to him. We have some recollection of a similar passage between Mr. ROEBUCK and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in which portraits of an incapable Minister and a malignant critic, keen in censure, but barren of useful suggestion, were hung up side by side. SGANARELLE's intimations of what he would say to his master, if he had a master unlike Don JUAN, is the best example of this kind of art:—"Pensez-vous que pour être de qualité, pour avoir une perruque blonde et bien frisée, des plumes à votre chapeau, un habit bien doré, et des rubans couleur de feu (ce n'est pas à vous que je parle; c'est à l'autre)—pensez-vous que tout vous soit permis?" Lord HERSCHELL would not accept Lord SALISBURY's assurance that it was not of him, but of the other Chancellor—a Chancellor of the future—that he was speaking. He was touched, and he jumped up with the cry, "I am the man." Lord HERSCHELL pathetically described his own situation. Some people said he had done too much, and others that he had not done enough. "I am in the unfortunate position of having pleased nobody, and being abused by everybody." Poor Lord HERSCHELL!

MR. BALFOUR AT LEICESTER.

MR. BALFOUR'S recent descent upon that Radical stronghold whose Conservatism appears to be so healthy and flourishing a growth has provoked a certain amount of mechanical and uneasy jesting in Gladstonian quarters; and our adversaries are, of course, welcome to whatever amusement they can derive from the not strikingly humorous combination of the circumstances that Mr. BALFOUR is a Conservative leader, and that Leicester has for many years past returned representatives of the opposite political complexion.

There are two sorts of Radicalism, however, as he himself pointed out, and it is not so certain that those who accepted the older version of that creed would not have found themselves a good deal more in sympathy with some of the views propounded by him the other night than with those of the men who profess to be the inheritors of their traditions. It is true that the old-fashioned Radical was no admirer of the House of Lords, and that he would not, therefore, have attached the same value as Mr. BALFOUR to the first of the three methods enumerated by him of "testing and trying" new laws before placing them on the Statute Book. But that was only because the Radical of the old school insisted as strongly as Mr. BALFOUR on that second method which modern Radicalism treats with such brutal contempt. If he was impatient of the revising authority of the House of Lords, it was because he cherished a profound respect for freedom of debate in the House of Commons. It was reserved for his renegade successor to muzzle the elective, while attempting to bully and browbeat the hereditary, branch of the Legislature; and to put forward the preposterous pretension that it is the duty of the Peers to bow unquestioningly, not to the free and well-considered decision of the popular House, but to the servile vote of a scratch majority of its members, who have silenced the minority by the application of the gag.

It is far from improbable, therefore, that if those Radicals of the older type who so long controlled the representation of Leicester were confronted with the situation created by modern Radicalism, their views as to the constitutional value of the House of Lords might be seriously modified. But, be this as it may, we can unreservedly agree with Mr. BALFOUR that this modification of views has, in fact, taken, and is taking, place among the public at large. We cannot doubt that, though by their words the Radicals are attempting to discredit the House of Lords, "by their deeds they are day by day making that House, in the opinion of every thoughtful man in the country, a more and more necessary element in the Constitution." And the fact that this is so relieves us from any obligation to consider seriously the third of Mr. BALFOUR's three securities for sound and prudent legislation. As long, that is to say, as the public recognize it to be the duty of the House of Lords to see that revolutionary changes in the Constitution are not forced through the Legislature without having been previously submitted to and sanctioned by the country at large, so long we shall possess—in fact, if not in name—the institution of the *referendum*. That emphatic approval of the rejection of the Home Rule Bill which is so plainly to be inferred from the significant silence of the English people is, in fact, equivalent to a demand on their part that the method of the *referendum* shall be adopted. Their attitude, indeed, is no more than the logical sequel of the course taken by them at the last election. The issues on which that election was held were, as Mr. BALFOUR says, confused, "but the verdict of the country was certain. The people of England would not commit themselves to any measure which would destroy the Constitution, and the House of Lords is therefore bound in the exercise of its constitutional functions to give the country at least one more opportunity of declaring its will upon this measure." In all human probability the Gladstonians will do their best to confuse the issues a second time; indeed, they are at this moment preparing to make use of the two Bills now before Parliament for that express purpose. They are much less likely, however, to succeed on the next occasion. When the next election occurs, it may possibly, in Mr. BALFOUR's words, "occur under circumstances which will make Home Rule the real and not the sham issue be-

fore the electors," and in that case their verdict will at last possess the decisory authority which is so absurdly claimed by the Gladstonians for their pronouncement in 1892. Like Mr. BALFOUR, we have no fear of their decision; but, for the present, our only concern is to insist that that decision, whatever form it takes, shall be genuinely determinative of the issue. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has discovered that the word *referendum* is Latin, objects to its introduction into English politics, we do not care to contest the matter with him. We will call the process of taking the opinion of the constituencies on the single issue of Home Rule by any name he pleases. We have no particular wish to borrow a term from the political vocabulary of Switzerland. But if he supposes that we shall accept any verdict in favour of Home Rule which is not as clearly confined to that single question as the answer to a Swiss *referendum* is confined to its particular subject, he and his friends are only preparing for themselves fresh disappointment and renewed irritation.

LABOUCHERE v. HYNDMAN.

THERE has been a mill at Northampton, but no patron of either champion will have a chance of paying ten pounds for a handkerchief stained in his blood; because, as M. DE LA PALISSE would not have failed to observe, no blood was shed. It was only a case of talk; HYNDMAN going at LABOUCHERE, and LABOUCHERE at HYNDMAN, from rival tubs. Nor could any hearer walk away with a share of the arguments poured forth by his favourite, because no arguments were used. The combatants knew a trick worth two of that, and the audience wanted quite another thing. A "slanging match" was wanted, and it was supplied. "Mr. LABOUCHERE"—we quote the *Daily News*—"came down to Northampton to give his constituents an account of his stewardship, and to be praised and heckled by them, as it is meet and right a member of Parliament should, according to his deserts." The *Daily News* knows the duty of a Parliament in these democratic days. So does Mr. LABOUCHERE, and he gives his noble patrons their run for their money. As for Mr. HYNDMAN, he may not be entirely the equal of Mr. BURNS at the painful and heroic task of holding up the head of Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM to the truncheon of oppression—but when did he ever shirk a round assertion?

So the "free and independent" of Northampton saw the mill on an "early closing day, a brilliant sunny afternoon." It was an elevating Democratic substitute for those brutalizing football matches with which a corrupt aristocracy (teste the member for Battersea) endeavours to degrade the people. A chopping-block was put between the champions in the shape of "the following elongation of phrases" [we again quote the *Daily News*] constituting the "nominal question of discussion." Here is the elongation of phrases:—"The socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange to be controlled by a Democratic State in the interest of the entire community, and the complete emancipation of labour from the domination of capital and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes"—is what? We are not told. The sentence is left pointing, portentous, into the air, and towards a radiant but misty future. Neither is it very clear whether it is the socialization that is to be controlled or something is to be so controlled as to produce socialization, emancipation, interest, equality, and so forth. But chopping-blocks can dispense with meaning and grammar. This one served its turn. First, Mr. HYNDMAN chopped on it with round assertions that "socializa-

"tion," &c. &c. was practical, profitable, and desirable, for the space of a quarter of an hour, so fiercely that he was clean out of breath. Then Mr. LABOUCHERE chopped for a quarter of an hour with counter-assertions; briskly, good-humouredly, with no such haste as disturbed his breathing. Then Mr. HYNDMAN had his turn, and went at it so vigorously that he overran his allotted quarter of an hour, and was with difficulty persuaded to give over. The "sturdy" electors of Northampton looked on even as the heroine of *L'Assommoir* watched her admirers play the hammer. Her estate was to our taste the more gracious; but if the sturdy ones of Northampton prefer the slanging match, it is meet and right that the representative who lives by their most sweet breath should give them what they want. Indeed, we do not quite see Mr. LABOUCHERE wielding a forty-pound hammer. To complete the harmony of the meeting, each side went off with the belief that its own man had the best of the argument, which, of course, is unprecedented.

The match was enlivened by one of the too rare appearances of Mr. LABOUCHERE in the character of member of the Liberty and Property Defence League and Jingo patriot. He asked, "Why is the Anglo-Saxon race the master of the world?" (*O Lobengula*), and, becoming quite lyric, he answered his own question:—"Because of that individuality, that 'self-reliance, which exists in this country' (and we pillage the nigger whenever we like). Now that Mr. LABOUCHERE has taken to athletic contests, he ought really to have a by-name than that which he enjoys already for skill shown in other fields. Nor is there the least difficulty in finding one. Mr. LABOUCHERE'S name in the fancy must be 'The Anglo-Saxon Slogger.'"

CHRISTMAS IN CALCUTTA.

IN England the celebration of Christmas Day has become stereotyped. For children, of course, its charm remains, for children have not yet become too sophisticated to enjoy eating too much, and the presents inseparable from the occasion are not likely to pall with repetition. But to the givers of the feasts and the arrangers of the Christmas-trees the sport is somewhat stale and the wheels somewhat run down, as in the Kingsley ballad. And if for the givers of Christmas parties and the parents of the rising generation Christmas Day is a rather laboured kind of festivity, much worse is it for the lonely and the bachelor. In the same way the typical Christmas weather has been settled for all time. It very seldom comes off; but when it does there is a general chorus of approval. There should be a hard white frost, all the land should look white, and the sun shine red through the faint morning mist. The ponds should be frozen hard, and skating by daylight and torchlight should dispel the fiend Indigestion which dogs the steps of turkey and plum-pudding. So deeply is this picture engraved on our minds, so often is it presented to us on cards and in almanacs, in coloured supplements and in picture-books, that it seems quite unnatural to the healthy English mind that Christmas Day should ever dawn otherwise than glittering white with snow or hoar frost, and in the Antipodes our brothers are inclined to resent the brilliant sunshine and balmy air as a sort of desecration of the national feast-day. They eat their plum pudding with its sprig of holly with a sense of injury, as something whose mere presence ought to have been enough to cause a change in the weather, and they complain bitterly that it is impossible to "feel like Christmas" without Christmas weather.

It is human to grumble and not unpleasant. Otherwise it would be difficult to understand how any one can take exception to warmth and sunlight in place of those December fogs which we know so well. And much may be done at Christmas time in the East which is impossible in the West. Let us take a typical Christmas Day in Calcutta, and spend it as it should be spent undeterred by

the fetish of English Christmas traditions. Let us take the Victoria and drive down to Garden Reach, a few miles down the Hooghly, and picnic. Our way lies across the Maidan, and a paternal Administration has sent out legions of coolies, each with his leathern water-bottle, to shake water over the road and lay the dust. The sun shines brilliantly, but it is not too hot, for the weather is still "cold" (in the Calcutta sense). There is a gentle breeze blowing, and the two stout horses whirl us along at a pleasant rate between the tall trees through Alipore, where Belvidere, the Lieutenant-Governor's house, gleams white in the sunlight, over the bridge, and past the British Indian Docks and the King of Oudh's palace, to the *ghat* by the river. Here we take a native boat, and, sitting under the shade of its covered stern, are ferried across to the Botanical Gardens. The river gleams broad in the sunlight. Before us are the green trees of the Gardens, behind the half ruinous buildings of the palace of the King of Oudh. They look grim and forbidding, those sorrowful remains of a grandeur that is so utterly past. These were the houses where the King kept his wives, his wild beasts, and his huge broods of trained pigeons who were wont to circle to and fro over the broad river, following the signals of his flag. The wives are all pensioned off by the Indian Government, and dispersed to seek fresh homes; the wild beasts are dispersed also, and the pigeons manoeuvre no longer in answer to the wavings of the King's flag. The King himself sleeps with his fathers, and no one hitherto has had the assurance to write his epitaph as one endowed with all the virtues and the graces of a monarch. Peace be with him! We land at the Gardens, having narrowly escaped shipwreck several times, or so it seemed, from the many laden boats passing to and fro at this point; and, such are the advantages of a nervous temperament, the passage has proved quite exciting. But once on shore a deep peace falls upon us. We climb a few steps up from the river, and there, immediately before us, stretches a wide avenue of palms. No one who has not seen a palm avenue can realize the grandeur of this sight. The stems rise clear of branches perhaps fifty feet, and then the fronds spread out, so that the effect is that of a cathedral aisle flanked by grey pillars and topped with green shade. Between the trunks are planted shrubs with leaves of gorgeous red, rising to a height of perhaps seven feet, and between them and the green above is some forty feet of clear air between grey-white stems, tall and tapering, till the whole looks like some majestic colonnade. No wonder the Egyptians, when they built the Hall of Pillars at Karnak, drew their inspiration from avenues of palms, and since the original is so majestic, the pillared halls of their temple may well be among the most impressive conceptions ever executed in architecture.

The sun shines gloriously overhead, the sky is a pale cloudless blue, and the foliage around us shows every shade and tint from brown to scarlet, from the palest to the deepest green. We saunter along the grass under the trees beside the avenue, and find a quiet spot with a pool of clear water haunted by swans before us. The ground is carpeted with soft grass, and shaded with trees. On one side, three hundred yards away, is a bank of shrubs with the most gorgeous variety of colouring from mauve and lilac to crimson red. On the other three, cool restful green leaves. On such a Christmas morning it is good to be alive. Let us think of it as we shiver over our fires in England. We spread our rugs and coats on the ground and lie down and smoke lazily. Presently the Khidmutgars arrive with hampers. We do not move, for in India we have not that irrational and idiotic notion that a picnic is no picnic unless you wait upon yourselves, lay your own lunch, and burn your own fingers over your kettle. The lunch is admirable, from the solids to the fruit, from the drinks to the ice. Nothing has been forgotten, for once a Khidmutgar has been taught a thing, he may be relied upon to do it again with absolute exactitude on a similar occasion till the crack of Doom, unless he is idiotic. A picnic is a complete rest, with nothing to do save to lie still and enjoy. No one even talks unless the spirit moves him. For the most part we sit quiet, drinking in the beauty of the scene. The servants pass silently to and fro, handing dishes, which are accepted or rejected as silently. It is waste of energy to speak. The cool breeze fans us gently; there are no mosquitoes; all is peace. Last of all come the coffee and the cigars. Those estimable men who remembered the ice did not forget the coffee, and we smoke peacefully and talk desultorily of

England and of India, of a fatuous ochlocracy at home, and a scarcely less fatuous bureaucracy in India. But there is no argument, no heated discussion, only quiet, careless expressions of opinion which while away the time and trouble no man. Presently we get up, and stroll slowly towards the orchid-houses—not glaring steaming glass erections, with a temperature somewhere between a Turkish bath and the infernal regions, as in England, but cool green structures of wire netting, supported on iron girders. The netting overhead is thinly thatched with wisps of grass, and overgrown with leafy creepers, which make the interior cool and inviting. Within all kinds of green things flourish, while at intervals strange gaudy orchids show themselves in flower. Through this dim and quiet twilight, looking like some leafy tunnel, we saunter leisurely. Then across a patch of grass and along sunny paths by the water to the big house, cooler and greener still, where the huge palms rear their heads to the dome fifty feet above our heads. When the cool of the evening approaches, we return to the river, and are ferried back to the carriage. As we drive back the shadows gather, the sun sinks in the West, and a red glow spreads and deepens over the horizon. In the distance the white houses and the spires and towers of Calcutta loom faintly in the gathering mist and twilight. The horses are fresh after their rest, and bowl us along at a great rate through the cool air. On our right is the racecourse, being got ready for the Viceroy's Cup on the next day; on the left the white tents on the Maidan stand white and ghostlike. It is Christmas night, and we have spent our feast-day as it should be spent in the Golden East.

MONEY MATTERS.

SINCE the new year began a marked change has taken place in commercial opinion, not in the City only, but all over the country. About Christmas there was almost universal gloom. It seemed to most persons as if the crisis through which the world had been passing had been accentuated in 1893, and was likely to deepen in the present year. Since then the gloom has been in great measure dissipated, and in its place we find hope and even cheerfulness. The change of feeling is undoubtedly greater than the change in the economic condition of the country. But even in the latter respect there are alterations for the better. During the coal strike, which lasted for about four months, there was a great reduction in the railway traffic returns. A great part of the trade of the country was disorganized, and many of our industries were paralysed. The total production of the country was greatly lessened. But the country's consumption went on as before. Consequently at the end the stocks of commodities in the hands of traders were unduly small; and although no very large orders have yet been given, it is perfectly clear that those stocks must be replenished, and that also there must be a large increase in the production. The greatest reduction in stocks, perhaps, was in coal and iron. There is little doubt, indeed, that in the coal trade great efforts have been made to increase the output ever since the end of the strike. But if there is a large expansion in any important industry, the smallness of the coal stocks will soon make itself felt. In the iron and steel trades it has been evident for some time past that a rise in prices was inevitable, for the stocks in those trades were exceptionally low, and there had been no disposition to increase business, inasmuch as the prices of iron were unduly low. There was little profit to be made on the manufacture of iron and steel, and the inducement was therefore rather to diminish than to increase stocks. But since it became evident that the Government would increase its shipbuilding this year, a new impetus has been given to these trades. It is generally assumed that shipbuilding must be largely increased. Not only will the Government build largely itself, but it is taken for granted that new building orders will be distributed amongst private firms of shipbuilders. In America and on the Continent there seems likewise a tendency to increase the navies of the several Governments. If this tendency be followed up, and if there be in consequence a marked increase in shipbuilding everywhere, it is clear that there must be a large demand for steel and iron, and consequently the shipbuilding industry must become active. In many other trades, also, there are hopes of better times. Some

good judges are already predicting that the supply of raw cotton is likely to be rather under the demand for manufacture, taking the whole world over, and that, therefore, the tendency must be for the price of raw cotton to rise, and with it also the price of manufactured cotton. The general argument here sketched out is supported by the example of the increasing railway traffic returns ever since the New Year began. Of course, it is to be recognized that railway traffics were disorganized during the coal strike, that goods could not then be sent forward, and, therefore, it was to be expected that when the strike came to an end and business was resumed, the arrears of traffic would be made up as quickly as possible. Much of the improvement in the traffic returns, then, is merely a making up of what was held back during the strike. But there is undoubtedly more business being done everywhere—North, South, East, and West. The railways are showing larger receipts, and it is hardly possible that this could be the case if business were not expanding. And the improvement is likely to go on, assuming, of course, that there is no great strike or other untoward incident. For, in addition to the influences already noted, we have to bear in mind that prices are exceedingly low, that money is abundant and cheap, that the working classes are fairly well employed, and that wages have not been reduced at all in proportion to the fall in prices and the general depression in business.

The Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. Gradually they are obtaining control of the market, as the revenue collections are now large, and several of the greater railway Companies are calling in money to pay their dividends. The rate of discount in the open market is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The fall in silver continues, and naturally is exciting much apprehension. On Friday of last week the price was $30\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. Each day it fell further, until Thursday of this week it was as low as $29\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce, a fall of $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per ounce. Although the Indian Government since June last has been trying to dissociate exchange from silver, this fall in the metal has caused a sharp drop in exchange also—not quite so great as in the silver, but still very considerable. On Wednesday of last week, for example, the India Council sold 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers at $1s. 2\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee. On Wednesday of this week it again offered 50 lakhs, but the applications amounted to no more than $9\frac{1}{2}$ lakhs, and the Council sold barely 8 lakhs at $1s. 2\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee—that is to say, the Council, instead of 40 lakhs, was only able to sell one-fifth as much, and at a price about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. less. And the exchange fell further on Thursday to $1s. 1\frac{1}{4}$ d. per rupee. Rupee-paper has fallen to the lowest price ever recorded. It closed on Wednesday at $57\frac{1}{2}$, a fall from the preceding Friday of about $2\frac{3}{4}$, and at one time the quotation fell to about 57. All silver securities have fallen likewise. The general impression in the market is, that the Indian exchanges will continue to drop. The immediate cause of the present decline is unquestionably the stoppage of the Indian demand for silver. From the time the mints were closed until two or three weeks ago the purchases of India were on an unexampled scale. But for the past few weeks they have entirely ceased, and the result is what we have seen. Possibly the fall in price may revive the Indian demand. In the meantime the money market in India is rapidly hardening. The Bank of Bengal on Tuesday raised its rate of discount from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and on Thursday to 9 per cent. On the latter day the Bank of Bombay raised its rate to 8 per cent.

This breakdown in silver has somewhat checked business on the Stock Exchange; but the check has not been great, in spite of a disappointing dividend announcement on the part of the London and North-Western Railway Company. It declares a distribution at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the second half of last year, compared with $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the corresponding period of the year before. The Great Western dividend is $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against 7 per cent., also rather disappointing. The influences generally affecting markets are favourable—apart, of course, from the disturbance in silver. There are unquestionable signs, as we point out above, of an improvement in trade. The railway traffic returns are exceedingly satisfactory, and the Board of Trade returns for January are also, when properly considered, by no means bad. There is only a very small increase in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures, and this increase disappears

when it is borne in mind that there were only four Sundays in January this year, while there were five in the corresponding month last year. But, on the other hand, there is a very large increase in the imports—mainly in the imports of raw materials of various manufactures, especially cotton, linen, jute, and hemp, showing that manufacturers generally are taking a more hopeful view of their prospects. The success of the United States loan is likewise a favourable symptom; and so is the practical success of the reorganization of the Erie Railway Company. From the United States, too, it is reported that there are signs of trade revival; while there are hopes now that the Tariff Bill will be carried through the Senate more quickly than had been expected. On the Continent the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty so long in negotiation between Russia and Germany is of the very best import, and the decision of the great German capitalists to found a German-Italian Bank is likewise favourable, as it is generally interpreted to mean that Italy will receive from Germany what pecuniary assistance it needs.

The fall in silver has naturally brought down all silver securities. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at $57\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $3\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Sixes closed at $62\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 3. Mexican Central Railway Four per Cents closed at $51\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$. Denver Railway Fours closed at 79, a fall of 1. But, although the disturbance in the silver market has attracted a good deal of attention in the City and excited some apprehension in the money market, its effect upon stocks generally is surprisingly little, the purchases of investors overcoming all other influences. Consols closed on Thursday at $99\frac{1}{16}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{16}$; Indian Sterling Threes closed at $99\frac{1}{2}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at $97\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of 1; and New Zealand Three and a Half closed at $98\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. In the Home Railway market the advance which has been so marked for several weeks now has steadily continued. North-Western closed on Thursday at $169\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; North-Eastern closed at $164\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 1; South-Western Undivided closed at 189, also a rise of 1; and the Deferred stock of this Company closed at $69\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$. Great Western closed at $162\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$, after having before the dividend announcement been up to 164; Midland closed at $153\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Great Eastern closed at 82, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the movements have been slight and of no particular importance, but for the most part they are downwards. Thus, to take a good dividend-paying share, we find that Lake Shore closed on Thursday at $129\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and Milwaukee shares—to pass to the uncertain dividend-payers—closed at $59\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Mexican Railway issues have drooped, but the stocks of the Mexican Railway proper are just now artificially supported by a clique headed by an outside stock-dealing establishment, which has an enormous load of stock. In the inter-Bourse department the changes are also slight, but for the most part they are upwards. Greeks, however, are an exception. The 1881 bonds closed on Thursday at 31, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$. But French Rentes have begun to recover from the effects of the conversion. They closed at 79, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; Hungarian closed at $93\frac{3}{4}$, also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Spanish closed at $63\frac{3}{4}$, likewise a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE TEMPEST AT OXFORD.

A SHAKSPEARIAN revival by the O. U. D. S. at Oxford may now be regarded as an annual event. And it is one to which lovers of the Shakspearian drama are wont to look forward with no common interest—a fact sufficiently attested by the audiences that have filled the Oxford Theatre during the past week. Wisely or unwisely, the University regulations restrict the members of the O. U. D. S. to the “classical” drama. Their own good sense and prudence restrict them—or so it would appear—to those dramas which are less commonly presented to a London audience. Thus in past years *Julius Caesar*, *King John*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* have been successively revived. This year the Society

has selected *The Tempest* for presentation. The choice has proved a wise one. Unlike *The Two Gentlemen*, *The Tempest* was the product of the poet's maturest genius; and, though there are obvious reasons why it has never become popular as a stage-play, its revival may be regarded as a matter of interest beyond the limits of Oxford, and of a Society of undergraduate histrions.

The performance, as a whole, was more than creditable, though it is plain that the strength of the O. U. D. S. for the moment lies in comedy. A large burden of responsibility rests upon Prospero—a part entrusted to Mr. J. E. Talbot of Magdalen College. Mr. Talbot's performance was not without a certain dignity and repose, but it lacked anything approaching to distinction. He has done good work for the Society in past years, and it is, therefore, the more disappointing to find that his Prospero showed none of the advance that might reasonably have been anticipated. Though he possesses a pleasing voice, his elocution is essentially commonplace—a defect the more striking since his speeches contain some of the most exquisite lines in the whole range of the Shakspearian drama. The Gonzalo of Mr. Croker-King showed, on the other hand, distinct promise, though his delivery of the famous “Commonwealth” speech showed some lack of appreciation. Mr. C. A. Peacock bore himself gracefully in the trying part of Ferdinand; while Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio found adequate representatives in Mr. Vans Best, Mr. Souper, and Mr. Mugliston. As Caliban, Mr. Bonnin of Trinity was consistently excellent alike in make-up, voice, and gesture. But the honours of the performance undoubtedly rested with Mr. Arthur Ellis of Trinity and Mr. N. R. Playfair of University. The former played Trinculo, and the latter Stephano, with an abandon and lightness of touch which would have reflected honour on more experienced comedians. Unlike the practice of the A. D. C. at Cambridge, it is a rule of the O. U. D. S. that the female parts should invariably be performed by ladies. And, as a rule, the Society is singularly fortunate in the assistance thus obtained. The *Tempest* forms no exception. Miss Cockerell's Miranda is full of grace and charm. Juno and Iris find more than adequate representation in Miss Farmer and Miss D. Baird, and Miss Una Bruckshaw plays with unflagging energy and verve as Ariel. Her songs, indeed, must be pronounced one of the most distinctive features of the performance. Miss Bruckshaw is a student at the R. C. M., and it can hardly be doubted that there is a distinguished career before her. For the songs, the musical settings of Purcell, Arne, and Linley were used; but the overture, the entr'actes, the incidental music, and the dances were specially composed for the revival by Mr. F. Cunningham Woods, M.A., Mus. Bac. of Exeter College. To this music a special word of commendation is due. Much of it, indeed, is so graceful and pretty that it deserves, and will doubtless obtain, more than a passing popularity. It should be said, moreover, that the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Woods in person, was of exceptional excellence.

The name of Mr. Alan Mackinnon is, to amateurs throughout the country, a guarantee for excellence of stage management. To his admirable judgment and care the success of the present, as of most previous, revivals of the O. U. D. S. must in great measure be attributed.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

“THERE are too many people and too many things in the world,” as a modern philosopher observed. How can justice be done to all deserving efforts? This question becomes singularly burning as regards fine art at this time of year, when all the Galleries seem to open fire at us in a salvo. We shall attempt, with unavoidable brevity, to do what in us lies to indicate the nature of some shows, each one of which, at a less crowded moment, might detain our attention.

At the Japanese Gallery in New Bond Street are to be seen fifty water-colour drawings by Mr. Tristram Ellis, made during a summer holiday in Norway. These form a pleasing collection, and give a characteristic impression of the colouring as well as of the atmospheric effects of that dewy country. Especially happy in these respects are the drawings which represent aspects of the narrow valley of the Nærø Fjord (20, 21, 23, 27); they suggest well the soft lilac shade of colour of the precipitous rocks, festooned as

they appear to be with green garlands of terraced pasture-land, while beyond, up the recesses of the valleys, are seen the tips of mist-encircled mountain-peaks. The shelving "Bird Rock, North Cape" (8), is delightful in a different way; the sense of the whirl of life given by the thousands of sea-fowl, careering in topmost air, is very fascinating. Less successful, it seems to us, are the views of "Suldal Lake" (10) and of "Christiania from the Oscarshall" (29), both of which incline towards the commonplace and show a tendency to hardness.

At the Gallery in Conduit Street there are on view three dozen oil-colour landscapes by Miss R. J. Leigh. The subjects of these pieces are in several instances good; but they suffer terribly from the heavy handling they have received. Miss Leigh seems to be hampered by the common tradition about the pennyworth of tar, and she has not spared her paint-tubes to save her pictures. A little less material, and a good deal more brush-power, would be an excellent axiom for Miss Leigh to follow. However, in "The Woods, November" (23), and "Epping Forest" (28) are to be found some good examples of colour, the tawny-red of the beech-strewn ground, and the leafless damp trees seen against a heavy grey sky, presenting striking effects. "A Portrait" (37) of a young girl, in the same Gallery, by Miss L. Etherington, is a solid and conscientious piece of work.

At Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket we find a collection of engravings and etchings, by various hands, after the works of Mme. Rosa Bonheur and Mr. Alma Tadema. Many of these are already so familiar to the public that it is quite unnecessary to describe them here. It is an attractive exhibition; and it is interesting to have so good an opportunity of comparing the different renderings of so many well-known artists. The plates after Mme. Rosa Bonheur, by the late W. H. Simmons (1 and 6), give an air of accomplished workmanship; while the etching of Mr. Alma Tadema's "A Roman Emperor" (57), by the late M. Paul Rajon, is a masterpiece in the rendering of the rich colour of the original, as well as in the subtle regard for the value of tones.

The fourth exhibition of the Grafton Gallery will be examined with interest by all who are attracted by certain defiant schools of modern art, schools which lie a little outside the ordinary movement of the profession. On the whole, we cannot maintain that the show of this year equals its predecessors in novelty or in freshness, although a great many works of remarkable merit are to be discovered in these handsome rooms. Once more we see at work the tendency to crystallization. A gallery, or a corporation, starts on novel lines and determines to be brilliantly independent, but the trick of convention is not easily to be put by, and the most unacademic bodies become an academy before they know where they are. The Glasgow school, and the strange, fanciful school of new Belgium, contend, as before, for the honours of the Grafton Gallery, and what they have to show us there is well worthy of a visit.

Mr. Whistler's name is perhaps the most distinguished in the index. This painter exhibits three sea-scapes, "Dark Blue and Silver" (49), "Violet and Blue" (70), and "Violet and Silver" (56), studies of oceanic form and hue of the utmost liquidity and luminousness; in these paintings the colour is radiant beyond comparison—the drawing, if we may venture to say so, not so completely beyond reproach. We have had to suggest before now that Mr. Whistler's marine perspectives lack something of perfection. A series of new original lithographs (254) by Mr. Whistler, three being of the figure, the rest architectural, are admirable. The most curious picture in the Gallery, undoubtedly, is the "More blessed to give than to receive" (75) of Mr. L. Welden Hawkins, a very large panel, painted in high tones of the palest blue, lilac, and primrose-yellow, presenting an allegory which we do not pretend to follow. Time is here, crouching behind the mask of Youth, and Spring, like a ghost of Venus, dances forward through elastic rods of almond-blossom. The accessories in this fanciful production are painted with great skill, and the general effect is extremely original. By the same painter, whom we believe to be an American resident in Paris, is the "Noël" (284), another mystical composition of considerable refinement.

Of the new Belgian painters, M. Fernand Khnopff is the best known. "The Keeper Waiting" (116), a man in Flemish country-dress, grey and black, stiffly on guard in a broad green landscape, is a concession to realism. There is

more of the true Khnopffism in the "Portrait of J. P." (278), a very morbid-looking little boy standing shyly under the china shade of a lamp—a very charming specimen in its odd way. Two elaborate predella-shaped canvases, one of madmen (83), the other of madwomen (118), exemplify the talent and the perversity of M. Jef. Leempoels, and the gods of Batavia alone may know what he means to convey by them. With the fiery interiors of M. Constantin Meunier, of Louvain, we are slightly disappointed; the portrait of this popular young painter and sculptor (96), by M. Verheyden, is noticeable. Another of the same family, M. Karl Meunier, exhibits three pictures of the "Hospital of St. Pierre at Louvain" (107), framed together as a triptych; these are of a charming delicacy. A Belgian of great eccentricity is M. Léon Frédéric, who sends a "Spring" (263), very gay in tone and primitive in treatment, a Mantegna-like infant soaring upwards through a thick storm of descending blossoms. Before the paintings of M. Emile Motte, of Mons, criticism is silent in bewilderment. Among these Flemings, MM. Emile Claus, R. Wytmsmans, and Herman Richir should not be overlooked.

Of the room entirely dedicated to the works of Albert Moore we have already spoken.

INSURANCE REFORM.

THE Equitable Life Assurance Society has issued a prospectus which marks a new and welcome departure in the history of that office. The Equitable is the oldest of the "Mutual" Assurance Societies, having been founded in 1762. It has always stood amongst the very foremost of the Life Offices. Even its keenest competitors have never ventured to say anything worse of it than that it lacked energy; that it was content to let the world flow past it, and not to move with the times. At last, however, the Directors wakened up to the fact that they were falling somewhat behind, and in June last, with the approval of the Court of Chancery, the Society adopted a new constitution. The change was rendered necessary, inasmuch as the old Deed of Settlement, which had been in force over 130 years, did not allow of any but those who insured their lives for the whole period of existence to share in the profits. The new prospectus proves that the Directors and their Actuary have not been slow in availing themselves of the greater liberty given by the new constitution, for they now offer to the public a scheme of Endowment Assurance. That form of insurance has grown rapidly in public favour of late. By it a man can insure his life for a term of years. Suppose that a person desires to make it possible for himself to retire from business, say, at sixty or sixty-five, and that he takes out a policy payable at the age determined upon, or at death, if that occurs previously. Then, if he lives to the specified age, the Society is bound to pay him the policy agreed upon. If he is a prudent man and invests the amount, he is able to enjoy the fruits of his thrift for the remainder of his life and yet to leave the sum to his family. One after the other most of the Companies have now entered upon this kind of business; and it is matter for congratulation that a Society so sound and so well managed as the Equitable should offer similar facilities to the public. The Society has very wisely decided to leave to intending insureds to decide for themselves whether they shall take out Endowment policies with or without profits, as it is called—that is to say, policies which shall or shall not share in the bonuses. Two examples will show how the scheme of the Equitable works in either case. Let us suppose that a man of thirty decides to take out an Endowment policy for 100*l.* payable at the age of sixty-five, with profits—that is to say, entitled to bonuses. Then the annual premium payable by him is 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* Now, if another man of the same age elects to insure for 100*l.* likewise, but without profits—that is, without title to share in the bonuses—his annual premium will be only 2*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*, a difference of 10*s.* 7*d.* per 100*l.* insured.

The Equitable, being a mutual Society, of course has no shareholders—that is to say, the whole of the profits, whatever they may be, belong to the assured, no dividends being payable to shareholders. Of itself alone we quite admit that that does not amount to much; for if there are no shareholders to take part of the profits, so likewise there is no share capital to fall back upon in case of accident, and that may be a matter of importance in the

case of a young office. In the case of the Equitable it is of no importance; and the fact that there are no shareholders to take part of the profits has, of course, its weight with intending assurers. The Equitable is likewise very economically managed. The *Statist* every year publishes a list of the Life Insurance Offices which furnish reports to the Board of Trade, classifying the offices according to their expenditure. There are four classes. The most economical are those in which the expenses bear a ratio of less than 10 per cent. to the premium income. In 1892, 101 such Companies were classified as stated, and there were only eight out of the 101 whose expenses were under 10 per cent. of the premium income. The Equitable was amongst the eight; indeed, it held a very honourable place amongst the eight, there being but three offices which worked at a lower ratio than it did. So that, in point of economy, out of 101 Companies dealt with, the Equitable was fourth in order of economy. Mere economy, it is quite true, is not everything. It is a very important matter in regard to a Life Office; for it is clear that an office that spends a very large proportion of the income it receives from those who insure with it can have but a small amount out of which to pay the policies it engages to pay, and to declare bonuses likewise. The smaller the ratio of expenses, then, the greater ought to be the disposable profits. But of course an office may make great mistakes in other ways, and so may fail to benefit by its economy. Let us turn, then, to a third test, and we find that in the prospectus issued by the Equitable Society the latest valuation made by it was at the end of 1889. It was based on the Northampton Table of Mortality and 3 per cent. Interest, and the result showed a surplus of assets over liabilities of 1,890,302*l*. Of this amount 654,475*l*. was put to reserve, and as much as 1,235,827*l*. was distributed. A reversionary bonus of 2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured for every complete year the policy had been in force from the date of admission to profits was declared, and an interim bonus was likewise made payable on those policies which might become claims before the next valuation, likewise at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for each year elapsed since the last valuation after six annual premiums had been paid. It will be seen from this that the accumulations of the Society are very large, and consequently that it is able to distribute very handsome bonuses. It will be noticed, moreover, that the Society is careful to do justice to those who may die in the interval between one valuation and another. In the case of the Equitable the valuations now are at intervals of ten years—too long a period—which will be reduced to five years after 1899. It would clearly be unjust to an assurant who died between 1889 and 1899 if his family received no part of the bonuses to which he would be entitled if he himself survived to the latter date. The Society recognizes that this would be inequitable, and accordingly it declared at the last valuation Interim bonuses to meet such cases.

Those who take out Endowment policies under the new scheme with the Equitable will, as already said, be free to take them out either to share in the bonuses or not. The Society, furthermore, publishes in the prospectus tables showing what will be the surrender values of these Endowment policies at various dates. In this the Society is to be highly commended, for too many offices do not give the information to which assurers are entitled with regard to surrender values. It is often, indeed, extremely difficult to get any information as to the surrender values. And yet it is a matter of very great importance to struggling people. A man may meet with reverses, and may be unable consequently to keep up his insurance. He may desire either to pay over the surrender value at once to his creditors, or to use it in some other way, and it ought to be possible for him to get all the necessary information, not only when the emergency arises, but long before, so that he shall know if so-and-so happens what his policy will be worth. In the illustration we gave above we assumed that a man of thirty took out an Endowment policy, with profits, payable when he reached the age of sixty-five, or at death, if that occurred previously. If the insurance were for 1,000*l*. his annual premium would be 29*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. According to the table of surrender values given in the prospectus such a person, if he were compelled to surrender the policy five years after taking it out, would be entitled, as a surrender value, to 74*l*. 15*s*. At the end of ten years he would be entitled to 163*l*. 2*s*.; and at the end of twenty years to 396*l*. 10*s*. If the policy were taken

without profits, then the surrender value at the end of five years would be 63*l*. 19*s*.; at the end of ten years, 142*l*. 7*s*.; and at the end of twenty years, 362*l*. 5*s*. The careful reader will probably be surprised at the little difference there is between the surrender values of "with profits" policies and "without profits" policies. But it ought to have been stated that the surrender values just given in the case of "with profits" policies are exclusive of the bonuses which may have been added. The Society naturally feels that it ought not to commit itself to any statement, or prediction, or conjecture as to what the bonuses may be; therefore, the surrender values are those only to which the policy-holder is entitled in right of the premiums actually paid by him. But where he holds a "with profits" policy he receives whatever bonuses may have been declared, along with the surrender values mentioned.

THE THEATRES.

IF *The Transgressor*, lately produced at the Court Theatre, can be called a play at all, it must be described as a one-part play; not only because one part is made to stand conspicuously forward, to the fatal detriment of the others, but because all the less important parts are incredibly despicable. Mr. Gattie may have felt very deeply the painful position of the young man whose young wife has been snatched from him by the agency of a railway accident, who has lost her reason thereby, and will persist in living on. It is unquestionably a hard case. A brave man would meet it by accepting the situation and living his mutilated life without complaint. The man who is bold and not brave would approach the lady of his later fancy with proposals which, if honourable, would mean delay, and, if not, the immediate surrender of the lady's virtue in full view of the facts. It has been reserved to our latest young dramatist to deal sympathetically with the course adopted by the meanest of men. There never was in drama, and there has seldom been in fact, so contemptible a hero as Eric Langley. It is hard to see why such a play has been written and accepted, unless with a view of giving Miss Nethersole an opportunity of displaying powers which have not hitherto appealed to the public with such naked surroundings. We will not go so far as to say that this effort has revealed Miss Nethersole as a great actress, nor can we admit that she has won her place in the front rank of emotional actresses. On the other hand, we will go further, and say that she has given promise of a gift that may place her among the sparse ranks of the *tragédiennes* of to-morrow. Her rendering is extremely powerful, and it must be said to her credit that she successfully resisted many strong temptations to over-act. On the other hand, her acting may well have been subdued by the dismal manner in which two other parts were presented. Mr. Arthur Elwood had a very unprofitable task before him in the rendering of Eric Langley, but the sad monotone in which he almost sang his lines did nothing to relieve the inherent dullness of the part. Some of his lines were not easy to speak; it was difficult even to hear them with patience; and this applies to the dialogue throughout, as, when it was not made up of long strings of stilted sentences, it was conceived in the spirit of the crudest melodrama. The canting expression of this arch-hypocrite's views of informal marriage would be ridiculous were it not so absolutely despicable. The skill of the author in character-drawing may be inferred from his treatment of Colonel Foster. If his Indian reminiscences are to have any meaning at all, it is that he is a brave soldier, and a man of honour; certainly not the man to take his daughter's betrayal as a matter of business. Yet, when we are justified in expecting a terrific outburst of anger, he calmly remarks that he will put the matter in the hands of his solicitor, and talks of "instituting proceedings." We do not like bad language on the stage, but a little would have been excusable, and even welcome here. A word of praise must be given to the courage which enabled Miss Bessie Hatton to maintain a certain amount of sprightliness as Constance; but she must accept a kindly warning against continuance in a habit of awkward posture. *Under the Clock* comes as a grateful relief to the false and gloomy didactics of *The Transgressor*. It is a thousand pities that a line of Messrs. Brookfield and Hicks's brilliant little skit should have been

cut in any event, and especially to make room for anything of the class of Mr. Gattie's play. What is left of it, and what has been added to bring it up to date, are still sufficient to make it a delightfully bright hour's entertainment, and the rendering is as fresh and vivacious as ever.

We must begin our remarks upon *Dick Sheridan*, Mr. Robert Buchanan's four-act play, wrongly described as a comedy, and produced at the Comedy Theatre on Saturday night, with an objection to the impertinent familiarity of the title; although this, gross as it is, is nothing to the impertinence with which the author has treated his subject. The "comedy" is, in fact, melodrama; as are *The Charlatan*, which is by Mr. Buchanan, and *The Transgressor*, which is not. The author of *Dick Sheridan* has taken liberties with the eighteenth century before, although these have generally taken the form of avowed adaptation of other men's work. Here no such adaptation, except as to one worthless incident, is admitted; but the characters are highly conventional puppets bearing a strong family resemblance to certain well-known creations of Sheridan's and to others with which Mr. Buchanan has had to deal in transferring Fielding to the stage. The parallels are too easily recognizable to need detailed mention; but the most obvious likenesses are Dr. Jonathan O'Leary, the Irish man-servant (whom Mr. Buchanan explains thus:—"The fact that Sheridan had an 'Irish Tutor,' mentioned in the *Life and Letters*, is my only warrant for creating the character of O'Leary"), and Mrs. Lappet. The "Irish Tutor" theory can hardly be held to excuse the amazing similarity to Partridge, down to the scrap Latin, even to the "*Non sum qualis eram*," and so forth; and the relationship of Mrs. Lappet to Mistress Honour is scarcely less striking. In the new Sheridan there is no gleam of humour, and his language, in common with that of the entire cast, is not only not of the last century, but not even of the day before yesterday. A reference to "the artistic temperament," although, perhaps, the most striking instance of brand-new modernness, is not by any means without contemporaneous company. The part is obviously a difficult, if not impossible, one to play with any hope of making it acceptable. It would be weak in a minor character. In a hero it is fatal, and it is a burden which any actor of ability and experience might well dread to bear. This heavy load has been placed upon the shoulders of Mr. H. B. Irving, who has come through an extremely high trial with gratifying success. To say that he did not arouse the sympathies of the audience is merely to say that he failed to achieve the impossible; but his performance, in the display of strength, firmness, judgment, elocutionary clearness, variety and force, was one which, even without reference to his comparative inexperience, reflects high credit upon him. The arrangement of the material to the hand of the dramatist with regard to the elopement is not skilful. It is little credible that Miss Linley should venture to entrust herself to the care of a man like Captain Matthews, whom she knows to be a libertine, and the trick by which Sheridan takes his place is unworthy of even such a hero as the author has made Richard. Miss Winifred Emery did much to disarm criticism by her charmingly graceful and sympathetic interpretation of the part, and her rendering of her lines and the unaffected dignity of her demeanour increased the desire that the part could have been equally saturated with the spirit of the time.

The sentimental and reminiscent interest in *Caste* justifies notice of its revival, even when it is only put up as a stop-gap pending preparations for the production of a new play. This is the present state of things at the Garrick, where the casting of the company for Robertson's comedy must be regarded as an experiment rather more bold than altogether successful. There is no use in repining at the absence of the old familiar names, and it would be distinctly unfair to institute comparisons with the many distinguished artists whose reputations have been associated with a play which, even if it cannot lay claim to be regarded as a classic, certainly marked one of the most important departures in dramatic art of the century, if not, indeed, the most important. The George d'Alroy of Mr. Forbes Robertson was, as might have been expected of so well-graced and conscientious an actor, an earnest, romantic, and impressive performance. Nothing was wanting in the chivalry or tenderness of the rendering; but, although the traditions of the part were closely adhered to, it was somewhat wanting in the soldierly spirit with which it has

always been properly invested. For the Esther of Miss Kate Rorke we have nothing but praise. The fierceness of Esther's resentment of the interference by the Marquise was admirably given, as was the dignity of her dismissal of her mother-in-law. Her finest passage, however, was in the reading of Hawtree's letter, a perfect picture of womanly grief, and in the breaking off of the reading and the reference to the enclosed cheque was as fine a piece of silent acting and eloquent facial expression as reasonable man might wish to see. Miss May Harvey's Polly ended much better than it began. The actress was plainly not at home in the flippancy of the earlier scenes; but with the return of D'Alroy her capabilities for serious work became clearly apparent, while her acting, in the mock theatrical scene, by which the hint is given to Esther, left little to be desired. Mr. G. W. Anson is far too experienced an actor to make any glaring error; but his style has a breadth which took Eccles from the humour of comedy to that of melodrama, and produced a jarring note in the composition. Two other experiments of importance were made in casting Mr. Abingdon for Hawtree and Mr. Gilbert Hare for Gerridge. Mr. Abingdon's recent excursions—or, perhaps, we should rather say incursions—into comedy have been conspicuously successful; but his talent has limitations which, for the present at least, must debar him from making a successful Hawtree. His touch is as yet too heavy, and is not made any lighter by his rather close following of Mr. Bancroft. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Gilbert Hare should jump all at once from "juveniles" into such a part as Gerridge. Considered in the light of a pure experiment, the present performance of *Caste* might be worse; but, considering the material which Mr. Hare has to his hand, it ought to be better.

REVIEWS.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S POEMS.

The Burdens of Belief, and other Poems. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G. K.T. London: John Murray.

THE volume of poems just put forth by the Duke of Argyll would be a work of enduring value, if only for one reason, that it contains more than one contradiction of certain monstrous stuff that was published after the late Lord Tennyson's death concerning the great Laureate's religious beliefs. The Duke very properly and naturally takes no direct notice of the matter to which we refer, but what he says is not the less a denial and a stern and well-deserved rebuke.

But the volume can and will live for other reasons than this. It contains, like most things the Duke of Argyll has written, the majesty of ordered thought, and also in many cases the true feeling of poetry. Indeed, the author's preface is in this regard too modest. He hopes that "Lines which have long given pleasure to a few may now give pleasure also to at least a few more." They will give pleasure to all who are interested in the union of reason and verse, a union not too common, and therefore the more welcome. The longest poem in the volume, the one which opens it, is described by the author as being "a frank acknowledgment of the large amount of truth which belongs to what is called the Agnostic aspects of the world. No man who seeks to be quite honest with himself, or just to others, can fail to see those aspects, or ought to refrain from acknowledging them." The poet goes on to expound in prose what many of us constantly feel, that the extension of scientific knowledge does not, as some scientific people think, touch in any way "the ultimate problems of humanity." But, excellent as is in many ways the author's preface, it is in the book itself that the best answer will be found to the vain assumptions and denials of a certain school of scientific men. The argument of the poem which gives its title to the book, *The Burdens of Belief*, is excellently sustained, and leads consistently to Christian belief. We quote one stanza as an example:—

The highest things we know
Are conscious faith, and trust, and love;
But needs with these must Freedom go,
And willing hearts must move.
True faith can only live
Where some One is believed and known—
Freedom to give or not to give
The love that is our own.

Not as the beasts fulfil
 Their own small being's law,
 Willing, as by directed Will,
 Doing as if they saw:
 In this they speak one word,
 A word that most we need to bear,
 Pointing to one eternal law,
 Which reigns supremely here:—
 In them no power is planted,
 No born desire in them is shown,
 Save where some fitting joy is granted,
 Perfect attainment known.

In parts of this poem there are crudities of expression such as may be expected from an author more accustomed to the vehicle of prose than of verse; but, on the whole, the wording is as fine as the thought and sentiment which inspired it, and to say that is to say much. Of the two poems on Lord Tennyson we prefer the shorter and later, and to both we prefer the following lines headed "Our Dead," although one or two strange, and even prosaic, expressions have stolen into the poetry.

On what might be called lighter matters—for instance, in the section of the book called "Songs of Nature and the Birds"—the author shows much power of observation and reflection, and the interpretation of these powers into verse is never unmelodious, and not unfrequently charming. Take, for instance, the last verse of "The Willow Wren":—

It is a small and gentle bird
 That shuns the haunts of men;
 And few who do not seek have heard
 The Lesser Willow Wren.

The Appendix is a strange, but a very far from dull, portion of the volume. It has, indeed, much of the qualities which appear in the poems. One note, for instance, leads up to the final statement, which, if not new, is both true and well put, that "all nature is full of prophecy." Altogether, the Duke of Argyll may be heartily congratulated on his latest contribution to literature.

NOVELS.

- What Necessity Knows.* By L. Dougall. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.
To His Own Master. By Alan St. Aubyn. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.
The Star-gazers. By G. Manville Fenn. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.
Elinor Fenton. By David S. Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1893.
Clauden's Island. By Esme Stuart. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.
The Angel of the Revolution. By George Griffith. London: Tower Publishing Company. 1893.

EVAN HARRINGTON, the gentle reader remembers, was overhung through life by the portentous figure of a tailor's goose. It is a butcher's shop which somewhat similarly disturbs the peace of Robert Trenholme, who fills the honourable office of elder brother and foil to the hero of Miss Dougall's very interesting novel, *What Necessity Knows*. The worthy Robert has had a University education, got up in life, and attained the proud position of "Principal of the New College and Rector of the English Church at Chellaston, in the Province of Quebec." When the curtain rises he is "discovered" wrestling with the difficulties which beset him in connexion with the hero aforementioned, whose manly, independent spirit cleaves to the ways of his usefully slaughtering father, and whose simple, unsophisticated taste convinces him that Chellaston, Quebec, is the one place in the world whither he must go to ply the paternal meat-hook and wear the cherished blue apron of his unattractive craft. Much is allowed to heroes; yet we find it difficult to admire this one, who seeks out an affectionate brother who keeps a "high-class" private school in a remote village, and does what is calculated to injure him deeply, when he might just as well have gone on serving out suet and cutting chops at home, or have emigrated—if he must—to Australia, South America, or Mashonaland. However, that is where the author differs from us; and she rewards the high-minded butcher (end of vol. iii.) with the hand of the young lady whom his brother was courting. Thus Robert is taught not to be a snob, or not to introduce his humbler relatives to his friends. With complete snobbery, or complete absence of it, you may thrive; but "a mixture of each," as Mr. Browning remarks concerning another painful object-lesson, "is a marvel and a curse." That is one story and one moral; there is another story (with possibly another moral) which is very skilfully interwoven with this. It is of a settler's daughter who escapes from

her isolated life and importunate lover by getting into her father's coffin (after tipping out the corpse), and emerging from it as servant in the family of the Trenholmes' lady-love. That family is remarkably well described, and it is in her treatment of its members and doings that Miss Dougall's uncommonly pretty gift of delicate humour shows to most advantage; the absurd little giggling daughters and their dear fussy mamma are peculiarly ingratiating. There is one episode in the book of striking picturesqueness; a little body of religious enthusiasts in Chellaston is stirred up by a half-crazy old wandering preacher to expect the Second Coming of their Lord on a particular night and spot; all robed in white, men, women, and children go forth in trembling exaltation to await Him on the neighbouring mountain. We must not say that Miss Dougall has the strength and skill to deal adequately with the pathos and bathos of the situation; but that she has in some measure succeeded is no small praise when the ambitious nature of the attempt is taken into account. Miss Dougall has many ideas, no little imagination, a pleasant style, a sense of humour, and some grasp of character; at present she realizes and feels a great deal more than she can make the reader realize or feel, but her novel is considerably above the level of the average circulating library stuff. It is immeasurably superior to any of those just now lying before us. This is not necessarily much in its favour, it is true; but it is quite enough to make us look with interest for further work from her hand. We shall not welcome it the less if it has not quite so silly a title as *What Necessity Knows*.

Though the novels of "Alan St. Aubyn" are not exactly among the glories of later Victorian literature, it may at least be truthfully said of them that hitherto they have been somewhat amusing from one point of view or another, easy to read, and not devoid of faint indications of the possession by the author of the capacity to tell a story rather well if ever she should happen to have one worth telling. Of her latest production, *To His Own Master*, it is scarcely worth saying more than it is merely silly. The "hero" is a maundering young curate (labelled good, but weak), who philanders in an episcene sort of way with a Baroness labelled wicked; is supposed to love a girl who was once at Girton; and is left with amorous intentions towards the ex-Girtonian's sister. That young woman has come to utter grief (with a man) and is devoting herself to good works, while she who had chosen the better way and got a First Class in the Little Go—including "Additional"—is rewarded with the lately widowed rector. As there is another female character in the book, the soft-hearted curate manages to get himself compromised with her. Sin, death, passion, temperance-pledges, amateur concerts, cats, and other stern realities are freely mentioned; but in "Alan St. Aubyn's" pages they become as unreal as her own creations. Did the reader get anything to be called an impression out of the book, he would probably find the all-pervasive semi-religious twaddle extremely offensive; but of course it would be unfair to find fault with the author on such a fantastic hypothesis.

There is a young lady in Mr. Manville Fenn's new novel who is described as "a Rosetti-ish style of girl." She has "too much neck, a tangle of dark red hair, and lips of that peculiar pout seen in the above artist's pictures, in conjunction with heavy-lidded eyes, and suggesting at one moment infantile retraction from a feeding-bottle, at another parting from the last kiss." There is not much "suggesting a feeding-bottle," however, about her subsequent proceedings, when the last kiss aforesaid is bestowed upon her by a brutal young cad who transfers his affections to the virtuous heroine. The "Rosetti-ish" charmer thereupon uses her pout and abundant neck and other advantages, to persuade a village poacher and ne'er-do-well to revenge herself upon her rival, that revenge taking the form of successfully accomplished rape on the eve of the wedding. If this sort of thing is ever to be put into a novel of the calibre of *The Star-gazers*, it must be so done as to impress the reader with the almost unbearable horror of assisting at a tragedy too awful for human contemplation. With Mr. Fenn it is as commonplace, uninteresting, and nasty as a reporter's account of similar crime. If it appeared in the newspapers with the headlines, "Criminal Assault on a Young Lady—Mysterious Disappearance of her Unknown Ravisher," the chances are that we should "skip" it; and if we did not, and were profoundly agitated by it, it would only be because of our conviction of its reality. Mr. Fenn's story we feel to be merest unskilful invention, and we are possessed by no stronger emotion than annoyance at him for tricking us into reading about hideous things and yet leaving us cold. There is not much to commend in the rest of the book, though we take some pleasure in the characters, quarrels, and affections of a pair of quick-tempered, deeply-attached brothers. The chief "Star-gazer" himself—a soporific dreamer who studies astronomy—the

virtuous heroine; and the others are a feeble crew. We much prefer Mr. Manville Fenn as a writer of books for boys.

Elinor Fenton is described as "an Adirondack Story." A lecturer on the evolution of the American Novel might profit by the study of it, for it seems to show that the fresh simplicity of the Adirondack region has accepted as its model of fiction the kind of romance which was just ceasing to be popular among the patronesses of circulating libraries about half a century ago. Mr. David S. Foster—who is, as we learn on the authority of the *San Francisco Morning Call*, "a born story-teller"—treats us to the dear delightful Wicked Uncle once more, with everything very handsome to match. There is the passionate but noble Elder Brother expiating through long, long years a moment's fatal anger by living in a hidden bower; there is his Murdered Victim torturing him by pretending to be dead until the right moment comes for him to relent; there are the Faithful Servitor, Persecuted Innocence in fair feminine form, mysterious paths in a gloomy forest, and, above all, a Devoted Daughter living with her Wicked Uncle and jealous cousin, and ministering to her unfortunate father in that wonderful hiding-place of his so conveniently situated within a short walk of the W.U.'s excellent residence. In the midst of these surroundings we are like Gray looking at the Eton playing-fields; we "feel the gales that from them blow, A momentary bliss bestow," as they bring back the dead days of a long-vanished childhood, when we, too, saw "full many a sprightly race disporting" thus. Not Anne of Geierstein herself tripped more gaily among precipices than does Miss Elinor Fenton, or more adequately assisted the dauntless hero when his nerves gave way among the crags. We renew our youth with the eagle as we dash our critical beaks against those crags. Who would make horrid remarks about odd grammar, or wretched style, or faulty technique, or absurdity of plot, or feebleness of characterization, in the face of such emotions? Not we, assuredly; our hearts go out once and for all to the author when he comes along with the Murdered Victim (who has been with us all the while thoughtfully disguised as the Omniscient Guide) just when he is wanted to expose the Wicked Uncle and restore the Elder Brother to peace of mind and the favours of fortune. "Every one was mute with astonishment and filled with interest in the old man's tale." There is some envy in our ample admiration of the ease with which they are astonished and interested in the Adirondacks.

Claudea's Island is a pretty pathetic little story, with a charming heroine, whom the author kills—much to our regret—at the end of the book. Miss Esmé Stuart is at her best whenever she is describing the thoughts and actions of Claudea, a lovable bright girl with a delight in the open air, and a constant savour of the fresh sea breezes about her; she is at her second-best when her attention is occupied with Claudea's foil, Gina, an ingratiating town-bred maid, who is Claudea's rival in the love of a man. She is at her worst in her dealings with that man, an author "whose works were few but choice"; he is a silly imagining of the female heart, at whom we cannot even laugh when we are informed that, after a breach with Gina, "he did not mean to attach himself greatly to life again." Claudea's other lover—an ambling religious weakling—is no great improvement on him; we are consoled for her death by reflecting on the suffering that inevitably awaited her had she been spared, and gone through this vale of tears with him. There are other males in the book, and they are all failures, unless we are to make an exception in favour of the deaf-mute cripple. It seems a pity that Miss Stuart is obliged to introduce the inferior sex into her story at all. With women and descriptions of scenery she achieves fair success, and she tells her simple tale very nicely in spite of the employment of a quaint and patchy dialect.

We are sick of reading about blood—and still more sick of Mr. George Griffith—long before we have got near the end of *The Angel of the Revolution*. The author bids us believe that his hero has invented a flying ship, that the inventor joins a band of well-meaning Anarchists and imparts the secret to them, and that by this means the millennium is brought about on earth. "Anybody can tell lies" was a conversational criticism we once heard on Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*; it seems an adequate acknowledgment of Mr. Griffith's merits. When an author puts supreme power into the hands of a few men, and is so devoid of imagination as to suppose we shall believe him when he tells us that they will only use it for the spread of virtue and happiness, and that nobody else will ever get hold of it, neither the critic nor the moralist need concern himself overmuch with him.

TWO NOBLE LIVES.

The Story of Two Noble Lives; being Memorials of Charlotte Countess Canning and Louisa Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare, Author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." 3 vols. London: George Allen. 1893.

THE first and most natural observation about this elaborate work must be that the story certainly was worth telling. The next, that the interest would have been increased by condensation and by the omission of trivial incidents and details in the life of the younger of the two ladies. It might be added, as a third remark, that there is the evidence of another noble life in the mother of Charlotte and Louisa Stuart. Much of the first volume is taken up with Paris under the Bourbons after the Restoration of 1815. Sir Charles Stuart, grandson of the third Earl of Bute and son of a general officer of some distinction in his own profession, was our Ambassador at two periods in Paris between 1815 and 1830. He married, in the year 1816, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the third Lord Hardwicke. The two ladies whose lives Mr. Hare has undertaken to describe are the issue of this marriage. We get revelations of the curious state of feeling which prevailed in the French capital after Napoleon's fall, and they enable us to understand the difficult part which our representative had to play. King Louis was, of course, anxious not to give offence to the Power which had replaced him on his throne. But there was still a good deal of sympathy for the exile of St. Helena, and there must have been more than one general who felt sore when the King showed extreme courtesy to the Duke of Wellington. An 18th of June passed without either fête or illumination, and a few days afterwards our Ambassador was present at the Théâtre Français when Talma delivered some sonorous lines "full of invective against the English." We can readily conceive the vexation and embarrassment of old Louis. On another occasion, at some private theatricals given by the Duchesse de Berri, the play was *Les Anglaises pour rire*, about which more fuss was made than necessary, as it seems to have been a harmless caricature of John Bull and his odd manners. Soult was scowling at one evening party; and Mme. de Staël, who had no reason whatever to love Bonaparte, was full of abuse of the Allied Armies. Talleyrand's cuisine was renowned; and we find evidence of Bonaparte's untruthfulness and of his anxiety, during the Hundred Days, to secure the services of the astutest of Ministers. "Comment faire pour nous rattacher ce coquin de Talleyrand? Nous ne pouvons pas nous en passer." Lady Elizabeth, while her husband was detained at Paris by his duties, found time to visit Italy; and at Florence saw the Crown Prince of Sweden, the son of Bernadotte, doing all in his power "to make up for an illegitimate crown." He had nine carriages, and a long retinue of chamberlains, cancellors, écuyers, couriers, and chasseurs; but all this pomp and pageantry could not make the Ambassador's wife "forget his grandpapa's counting-house at Bordeaux." All the letters of this gifted and high-spirited lady are distinguished by keen tact and observation; and they explain the comparative calm which intervened between the end of one stormy period of French history and the beginning of another.

Still, the main interest of these volumes lies in the letters and journals of the elder of the two sisters. Highly connected and highly gifted, joining to extreme loveliness of person a charm of manner to which no one could be insensible, both Lady Canning and Lady Waterford would have exercised a refining influence in any society and under any circumstances. That Mr. Hare should speak more feelingly of the younger sister of the two, whose hospitality he had enjoyed at Highcliff or Ford Castle and with whose tastes and pursuits he so completely sympathized, is no marvel. Lady Waterford's life can be told in a few paragraphs. Formed for society and art, she married an Irish nobleman who, after a somewhat boisterous youth, settled down into a model and resident landlord at Curraghmore. His partner spent her time and much of her husband's money in ameliorating the condition of the peasantry; draining, reclaiming lands, building model cottages, cleaning out Irish cabins, erecting churches, teaching choirs, and relieving the destitute in the famine of 1846. In return for all this the finest peasantry in the world, with genuine Hibernian gratitude, ended by poisoning Lord Waterford's hounds, burning down his hunting stables, laying siege to his house, and conceiving a plan for carrying off Lady Waterford in hope of a ransom in the glorious rebellion of 1848. When this career of usefulness in Ireland was cut short, after fourteen years of happiness, by the death of her husband in the hunting field, Lady Waterford pursued the same course of sympathetic and discriminating benevolence at Ford Castle under the shadow of the Cheviot Hills. And about her gentleness and goodness, her

sympathy with the poor, her true Christian faith, and her combined dignity and grace of manner, Mr. Hare hardly says a word too much. Of her eminence as an artist the public have been enabled to judge by the exhibition of paintings held some two seasons ago in Carlton House Terrace. It was then said by more than one expert that with more knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame she might have rivalled some of the foremost of Italian painters in design, as she equalled them in colour. Had Louisa Stuart been born and brought up in a less exalted position, where art would have meant a livelihood, it is possible that another name might have been added to the roll of great artists of the Venetian school.

In the letters of Lady Waterford Mr. Hare has given us a continuation of *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. The experiences of Lady Canning turned out to be very different from those of a rich and influential lady in banishment in Ireland. Some of Lady Canning's letters and diaries have been lost or mislaid; but quite enough remains to warrant the critic in affirming that what she wrote between February 1857 and the pacification of India in 1859-60 is as good an account of the rise, progress, and extinction of the Sepoy Rebellion as can be found in any half-dozen volumes of any half-dozen authors. It may seem paradoxical to say that one of the merits of this correspondence is that it records the distorted and imperfect views of the Mutiny current at the time. The letters are a series of photographs. The mistakes, the misconceptions, the prophecies that were not realized, the reports whether of good-fortune or of disaster which were subsequently contradicted, the absurd petitions got up by frightened busybodies for the recall of the Governor-General, are all down in black and white, and all help us to realize the situation. More than once it was believed at head-quarters that Delhi had fallen three months before that desirable event had taken place. When Lucknow was within a measurable distance of relief, it was twice asserted in the bazaars that the heroic garrison had been overpowered and put to the sword, and that Sir James Outram was dead. Tales of outraged and mutilated females arriving in crowds from the Upper Provinces led Lady Canning to inquire carefully into these bewildering allegations, and we have the best authority for saying that she saw every refugee who came down after the fall of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, and that no one single instance of mutilation or disfigurement could be found. As was shown at the time by the late Sir George Campbell, many of these alarming accounts of Oriental brutality were due to the gullibility of Englishmen at home, and some to a premeditated clergyman who wrote about them from the safe and undisturbed retreat of Bangalore, in Southern India.

The *Times*, it may be remembered, was humbugged by some spiteful correspondent into writing nonsense about two hundred mutineers who had been apprehended by General Neill and set at liberty by the late Sir John Grant; the truth being that no one had been caught or released, and that neither the soldier nor the civilian had ever had any communication with each other on this or any other subject. It must be borne in mind also that Lady Canning at her husband's side, sharing his counsels and his anxieties, was in the very best position for hearing and recording every version of every fight, advance or retreat of forces, acts of heroism and endurance, that were taking place over an enormous and disjointed area. She jotted down day by day incidents as they were discussed by Sir Colin Campbell, Sir Patrick Grant, Havelock, Outram, and Neill. On one point she repeatedly insists. Everything, she writes, depends on the fall of Delhi. If that centre and focus of the Mutiny is captured, all will go well. There may be a good deal of work to be done in reconquering districts and provinces, in the capture or defeat of other rebel leaders, in proclaiming a general amnesty, in mitigating the antipathies of race, in carrying out a policy of justice and forbearance, but the neck of the Mutiny will be broken when Delhi falls. This prediction was fully justified by the result. The few survivors of that crisis may concede the correspondence as showing that some errors were committed. One or two things were done that might have been better done otherwise, or might have been wholly left alone. But, as the late American Minister remarked, a statesman who never makes mistakes never makes anything. And with every allowance for the eagerness shown in defending her husband and proving him always in the right, Lord Canning in his wife's letters, as well as by the verdict of history, stands out in high and clear relief, as the embodiment of the best and highest qualities of an Imperial race. That reputation will remain untarnished when the indiscretion of Lord Ellenborough in the matter of the Oudh despatch will be censured by posterity, and when the clamour of "second-rate lawyers and merchants" for the recall of the Governor-General will appear just as contemptible as it appeared to Lady Canning herself.

The bulk of the letters deals with the Mutiny. But there is a wonderful charm in Lady Canning's description of an Indian landscape and its colours; and it is pleasing to see how familiarity with Anglo-Indian life, official and social, deepened her regard and heightened her estimate of those who, under trials and difficulties of all sorts, were carrying on the Administration. At first the men, and still more their wives, were rather shy or awkward. At Bombay, where Lady Canning first landed, "they didn't appear to know much about the country." Very possibly the impression produced by Lord and Lady Canning may have been that they were difficult of approach. But we very soon hear that people improved under the hospitality of Government House and in the pleasant retreat of Barrackpore. Councillors, Administrators, English judges, Engineers, Commissioners of Division, ladies who had resided in the interior, had a good deal to tell about Anglo-Indian and native life, and society to the dignified and refined lady at its head, both in morals and in manners, turned out to be quite different from the kind of thing we are accustomed to read about in "Sketches from the Mofussil" and "Escapades from the Hills."

From a writer of Mr. Hare's experience in literature we should have expected a little more accuracy in many small matters. The erratic philanthropists who swarm in India during the cold weather have been condescending enough to propound divers panaceas for its better government. But, somehow, they have not yet taught Englishmen to spell or apply correctly several ordinary titles and elementary phrases, and to use Oriental terms which must be employed, for the simple reason that they have no exact English equivalent. Names and designations, and even dates, are stumbling-blocks. The chief magistrate of Calcutta at the time of the Mutiny was Mr. S. Wauchope, afterwards C.B., and not Mr. Wardrope. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe at the same time was only magistrate of Delhi. It was his father, the brother of Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was Resident, and long before 1857. In a note, the late Mr. Edward Clive Bayley, Bengal C.S., is called Colonel. The month of June has thirty-one days. The Madras Hills are certainly tenanted by some queer wild tribes, but they are not Burghers and Kotas, but Badagas and Kotas. The late Prince Ghulam Muhammad, the son of Tipoo Sultan, was not exactly our guest and our prisoner. He was our pensioner for half a century and more, and free to go where he liked, except to Mysore. Attendants on the Viceroy are Jemadars, and not Semadars; and many landholders behaved admirably in protecting refugees, but, as Sir W. Hunter is always reminding us, they are Zamindars, not Semendars. That unsurpassed structure, the Taj at Agra, at p. 63, vol. iii. is said to be the "Crown of the Seraglio." In Colonel Yule's *Glossary*, as well as in Sir W. Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, to which reference should have been easy, the Taj is correctly described as the burial-place of Mumtaz or Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the favourite wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan. The term means the Exalted One, or Ornament of the Palace, and the lady's proper name was Arjumand Begum. Mumtaz was soon corrupted into Taz, and then to Taj. Perhaps some of these mistakes, though not the one last-mentioned, may have been due to Lady Canning. Yet she wrote a clear hand, and she seems to have been quick and apt in picking up Orientalisms.

Whether these volumes carry us to Calcutta or to Curraghmore, they should attract and even fascinate readers who are exhorted to admire what is lovely, pure, and of good report. A Roman poet in an age when social demoralization was eminently "progressive" makes an illustrious matron boast that she, at least, had not degenerated from ancestors on both sides of the family:—

Nec mea mutata est ætas: sine crimine tota est;
Viximus insignes inter utramque facem.

The two sisters could say as much and a good deal more. In an age when Englishmen, like Hindus, worship base idols of wood and stone, and when excitable Englishwomen rant on platforms and handle topics only fit for the male sex, it has been Mr. Hare's good-fortune and privilege to set before us for reverence and, as far as possible, for imitation, two very lofty and ennobling ideals.

MICHEL AND WEDMORE ON REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt: sa Vie, son Œuvre, et son Temps. Par Emile Michel. Paris. 1893.

Rembrandt: his Life, his Work, and his Time. From the French, by Florence Simmonds. Edited by F. Wedmore. 2 vols. London: W. Heinemann. 1894.

IN the introductory essay to his admirable volume on the Life, the work, and the time of Rembrandt, which M. Emile Michel has now presented in an English edition, the author

reminds his readers of what the critic is generally too apt to overlook—that, “though much has been written about Rembrandt’s life, the actual facts were very little known until the last few years.” Thus one well-known writer, accepting without demur the ingenious fables of Houbraken, related how “Paul Rembrandt Gerritzen” was “born in his father’s mill”—in whose dark corners, no doubt, he learned the mysteries of shadow—and how, later on, after some few months’ study under Lastman, at Amsterdam, “he within this mill established his painting-room.” Others, deriving their information from the same veracious chronicle, have informed us that, as he grew to man’s estate his chosen associates were of the lowest and coarsest class—the squat and sturdy Dutchmen who were wont to while away their time amid the congenial flavours of a beerhouse—and that, naturally demoralized by such companionship, he, assisted by his wife, a vulgar Ransdorp peasant girl, descended to almost any meanness to gratify his miserly propensities; “publishing his etchings in unfinished states to increase their variations, and so enhance the value of early impressions”; or, again, “retouching the works of his numerous pupils, and selling them as his own.” We have read, too, of his sojourn in Venice, an event in his history for which there is no better warrant than a misread inscription on a doubtful etching; of his visit to England, where, in the town of Hull, he for a while resided as a portrait-painter; and of his final retirement to Sweden, on the occasion of his insolvency, remaining there until he died, probably at Stockholm. Throughout he was the same, however regretfully the admission might be made—an artist of consummate, though erratic, genius, but personally contemptible.

Later researches and more accurate discrimination have revealed a widely different history. Rembrandt’s life was not without its serious faults, and in his later days chequered by misfortune; but in recounting his real history the danger has been that, by a natural revulsion of feeling, his biographers should have regarded these faults too lightly, and have too highly esteemed his better qualities, and that thus the error should have been the other way, and the real Rembrandt be still unknown to us. We have, therefore, reason to commend M. Michel’s work, and that with a heartiness which we are sure he will appreciate, since, in the well-written and beautiful volumes which are now before us, he not only relates in fullest detail all the knowledge acquired in recent years of Rembrandt’s private and artistic life—freely availing himself of the fruitful researches of Koloff and Bürger, of Scheltema, of Van der Willigen, and of Vosmaer, correcting and supplementing these with the valuable information obtained by Bredius and De Roever from hitherto neglected Dutch archives and published by them in the pages of *Oude Holland*—but also with just discrimination directs the attention of his readers to every fact which should influence their judgment, and to the reasonable inferences which may direct a conclusion where history is silent. The result is a book which, quite apart from its wealth of illustration, will be welcomed by all who in any degree have learned to appreciate the work of the great Dutch master, one who, whatever his inequalities as an artist, and whatever his deficiencies as a man, must always be regarded as “absolutely devoted to his art, profoundly human, and so expressive and so touching in the familiar simplicity of his eloquence.” How thoroughly and how earnestly M. Michel has devoted himself to his task, how far his claim to have attained a closer knowledge of Rembrandt’s own inner life and its influences on his art than could be gained by any merely superficial criticism, is best told in his own eloquent words:—

‘I lived [he writes] for several years with Rembrandt, surrounded by reproductions of his pictures, drawings, and etchings, and by documents bearing on his history; my mind all the while intently fixed on the facts of his life and the achievements of his genius. In my ceaseless efforts to grasp the logic of this synchronism of works and events I learned the realities of his career. I saw the heterogeneous threads of information weave themselves gradually into the fabric of a life—the life of Rembrandt, with its small events and large passions, its stormy aspirations, its glorious masterpieces, marking the successive epochs of a troubled existence.’

The finer works of Rembrandt have a strange fascination for even the casual visitor to a gallery. There is no artist, at least of the Northern schools, whose admirers are so numerous and so constant. To these much of the interest in Rembrandt’s work lies (as M. Michel justly observes) not merely in his great originality, but in the evidence which both his paintings and his etchings afford of the steady development of his powers. “As his paintings so was his life full of lights and shadows, and yet throughout his artistic career there is evidence of unity.” But to appreciate this unity aright requires both careful and comprehensive study, not alone of Rembrandt’s universally accepted

works, but of all the often-varying paintings, drawings, and etchings which are assigned to his hand. Unless he recognizes this unity through all the varying phases of Rembrandt’s genius, the critic who would decide on the authenticity or erroneous attribution of many of the master’s less important works, is resting his opinion on what must prove an insecure foundation. It is, however, only of recent years that such criticism has been attempted, and the necessity of a chronological arrangement has been recognized. Forty years ago, when the statue to their great painter was raised by the citizens of Amsterdam, Dr. Scheltema, in his oration on the Genius of Rembrandt, spoke of him as having two different manners, “The more detailed manner of his earlier days resembling somewhat that which Franz van Mieris followed, and the manner of his later years, when he adopted the broader and bolder touch by which several of his portraits are distinguished”; but the idea which, since that date, has been adopted, and which M. Michel so ably places before his readers, was not then even imagined, nor was it suggested until Vosmaer’s charming volumes appeared, the first on the *précurseurs* of Rembrandt, A.D. 1863, and afterwards on the Master’s own Life and Works, 1868, 1877. It was then only that a serious attempt was made to produce a complete and methodical list of his paintings, drawings, and etchings in the order of their execution, to be presented, as he tells us, “in historic sequence, in a collected form, throwing a new light upon the progress and development of Rembrandt’s talent.” To the value of Vosmaer’s work M. Michel bears generous testimony when he describes how “Vosmaer’s perfect knowledge of Dutch literature enabled him to paint the artist among his actual surroundings, and show how far Rembrandt had been inspired by these, how far by the originality of his genius.”

Still more recently, Dr. Bode has taken up the work which Vosmaer had begun, and supported by his researches, and by the labours of others, of whom M. Michel makes honourable mention, we feel that, even were we so inclined, there would be little opportunity afforded us in M. Michel’s *Rembrandt: his Life, his Works, and his Time* for adverse criticism. An important result of all such systematic study lies in the greater facility it affords for more accurate decision as to the authenticity of a considerable proportion of pictures and etchings which have at one time been unhesitatingly ascribed to Rembrandt, or, on the other hand, have been doubtfully accepted, or perhaps regarded, as the work of his pupils or of his “school.” The extent to which modern rejection of the pictures has been carried is somewhat startling. Thus in *Smith’s Catalogue* (vol. vii. 1834) there appear more than 600 assigned pictures; the total number is now, as M. Michel informs us, reduced approximately to about 450. Of these he gives a list at the end of his volume, taking care to remind us that, in the case of pictures which he had not himself seen or about which he had been unable to procure special information, he had, as a rule, relied on the opinions expressed in Dr. Bode’s Catalogues. Even with this assurance, we venture to suggest that some few are admitted which must ultimately be set aside; while it is not improbable that further research may bring to light pictures at present unrecognized or incorrectly assigned to other hands.

And as with the pictures, so with the etched work of Rembrandt. Already, under more careful and systematic criticism, a considerable number of the examples accepted by earlier authorities have been set aside. Bartsch, A.D. 1797, arranging the prints according to their subjects, catalogues 375. Wilson, nearly forty years later, retains Bartsch’s classification; but, somewhat varying his notation, catalogues 369. Charles Blanc, adding to the list certain prints unknown to, and therefore unrecorded by, previous writers, reduces the total number to 353. Eugène Dutuit, in the magnificent volumes in which he introduces heliogravure reproductions of every print he describes, catalogues 362.

Middleton (now Middleton-Wake), the author of the first descriptive Catalogue, 1878, in which Rembrandt’s etched work is arranged in chronological order, while accepting with reserve some twenty or more prints in deference to the opinion of Charles Blanc and others, rejects forty-six which had been catalogued by Wilson, reducing the whole number to 329. Shortly after the appearance of Middleton’s Catalogue a still greater reduction in the number of Rembrandt’s etched plates was suggested by the eminent artist, M. Alphonse Legros, who proposed to limit the master’s undoubted work to seventy-one plates, at the same time allowing that forty-two others *might* have been by his hand. M. Louis Gonse, in a review of M. Eugène Dutuit’s Catalogue in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, December 1885, expressing his inability to accept the extreme views of M. Legros, would still withdraw a large number of the prints heretofore assigned to Rembrandt, reducing the number to about 160. In the same paper M. Louis Gonse refers to a correspondence with Middleton

in which that gentleman acknowledges that if he had to rewrite the book which appeared seven years before, and reconsider the opinions there expressed, he would be inclined to attribute to other hands many of the plates which in his Catalogue he had placed among the works of Rembrandt. The conclusions of M. Legros, as also the opinions put forward by M. Gonse, are not endorsed by M. Michel, and that for reasons with which we ourselves heartily agree. M. Michel, and with him Dr. Bode, while allowing its full value to the technical knowledge of M. Legros, an actual practitioner of the etching art, wisely contend that, especially in respect of the work of Rembrandt, there is a considerable amount of other evidence to be taken into account. The dates on the earlier and later etchings attributed to Rembrandt, a comparison between their execution and that of the pictures and drawings of the same periods, and with these all that is known or can be learnt of that period of the artist's life, have an important bearing on the matter. In the volumes before us, M. Michel gives a complete list of the prints as catalogued by Bartsch—using, together with that of Bartsch, the notation of Middleton (to which the editor of the English edition has added the notation of Wilson), and taking care to point out those prints the authenticity of which is seriously contested, while rejecting such as seem to himself inadmissible, reduces the total number to 270, including some forty plates about which he would hesitate to give a definite opinion.

The question is still, we think, beset with difficulties; and whether the reduction as now proposed by M. Michel will be ultimately accepted must to some extent be a matter for further consideration. Whatever may be the final conclusion, there can be no doubt as to the true critical spirit with which M. Michel has approached the task; and even if we do not find ourselves able, in every instance, to endorse his decision, it is not because we attach insufficient weight to the opinions he expresses, but that the arguments he so ably places before us may not, perhaps, in all cases equally influence our judgment.

By an oversight in the French edition, p. 317, Middleton is referred to as contesting the authenticity of the well-known "Landscape, with a Cottage and Hay Barn" (Bartsch 225, Middleton, 306). The error is repeated in the English edition. What Middleton rejects is a drawing which appeared in the Howard collection, and which had been, he considers incorrectly, attributed to Rembrandt. With regard to the full-page illustrations, while the English editor has included four which do not appear in the first edition, he has withdrawn some twenty or more of those which M. Michel had introduced. We cannot but think it would have been better that the greater number of these, as they are referred to in the text, should have been retained.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.

- Irish Ideas.* By William O'Brien, M.P. London: Longmans.
The Patriot Parliament of 1689. By Thomas Davis. London: Fisher Unwin.
The Story of Ireland. By Standish O'Grady. London: Methuen.
The Love Songs of Connaught. By Douglas Hyde, I.L.D. Dublin: Gill.
 London: Fisher Unwin.
Ireland as It Is and as It Would Be under Home Rule. Birmingham and London: "Birmingham Daily Gazette."
Irish Unionist Alliance Publications. Vol. 1. London, Dublin, and Belfast: Irish Unionist Alliance.

A FRUGAL or unconscientious reviewer (if such persons exist) would probably regard the front flyleaf of our copy of *Irish Ideas* as a most unthrifty monument of wasted time. For there are passages noted on it enough to supply matter for the longest review that ever appeared in these pages, and we cannot afford Mr. O'Brien much more than a poor column, if as much. But it would have been a pity to read him perfunctorily, even though the space we can give him is as much too large for a book singularly devoid of any one useful quality as it is too small for the well-merited, but probably superfluous, exposure of his ignorance, his folly, his vanity. The volume, which is but a short one, containing some hundred and fifty pages, or thereabouts, consists of lectures, papers, and what not, written or spoken within the last eight or nine years, and, of course, devoted to the wrongs of Ireland, the wickedness of England, the virtues (latterly) of Mr. Gladstone, the wonderful things that were done of Irishmen of old time, the more wonderful things that they will do when Home Rule and the Cocqciures come, and so forth. With the exception of one paper, "An Irish Poor Scholar," which is by far the best thing we have ever seen from Mr. O'Brien's pen, and which deserves better company than that in which it finds itself, none of them need be particularly mentioned. We all know what Mr. O'Brien was likely to think, and we all know how he was likely to express it. The only

interest that could sustain a rational man throughout the perusal of even a mercifully short allowance of folly and fallacy is the chance, which amounts to a certainty, of coming across some flowers of rant, some gems of ignorance, some choicenesses of illogicality, bad blood, and so forth, which might repay the labour. There is no lack of such game for the sportsman who cares for it. We have not turned page 3 before we come to "the dungeons in which innumerable Irishmen have grown gaunt and grey with torment," and the poor old rant grows cheerful as one thinks *lege* "the nicely lighted and comfortably warmed cells in which the Battle of the Breeches was fought." Then we read how "the Celtic race is ruled by its spiritual aspirations rather than by those more ravenous instincts which we share with the hogs and the wolves," and muse (still with a sense of pleasure) on the spiritual aspiration of the Plan of Campaign, and the entire absence of ravening which characterizes desire for the lands, rents, &c., of other people. "The coarse material texture of nations like the ancient Romans and the modern English" is good—better we think than the "blood-red rain of ghastly centuries," which smacks a little of pure nonsense. But anybody who likes the latter better may have it. No doubt "Democracy is a *Frankenstein* of their own raising" also has its charms. For matter rather than form the eulogy of Wolfe Tone's "manly persistency" deserves a passing word, and a reminder of what this "manly persistency" meant—to wit, French soldiers in Ireland, French gaol-sweepings detached to fire and plunder the great English towns, and a warm approval of the *Septembriseurs*. Pleasing too (and it should be noted that Mr. O'Brien's gems have a notable variety of gleam; he can be ignorant in many parts) is the reference to "the days of Piers Plowman," whom Mr. O'Brien evidently takes to be an English author like Fielding or Thackeray. "The Irish who never yet persecuted a man for his religion" (*vide* Cork recently) may fitly conclude this little selection, since the space we have allotted draws in. Of Mr. O'Brien's style, sense, knowledge, literature, and so forth—of his logic and his loyalty, his politics and his (in any true sense of the word) patriotism, it long ago became unnecessary to say anything.

A little book which opens the new "Irish Library" contains the work of three persons, the worst of whom it would be unjust to couple, as a man of letters, with Mr. O'Brien. *The Patriot Parliament of 1689* was written some fifty years ago by Thomas Davis; it appears with a long and interesting introduction by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and it has some editorial or sub-editorial notes by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, from whose hand we have seen good literary work in editing and criticism. The pamphlet itself (for it is little more), though Mr. Lecky has spoken well of it, does not, we confess, appear to us of very much interest or value. It may, perhaps, be worth reading as an exaggeration in the opposite sense, and therefore a kind of correction, by any one who has been misled by Macaulay's exaggerated denunciation of this same Parliament. But it is a rather silly thing in itself. We are no worshippers of 1688, or of the "glorious and immortal." But to describe the proceedings which drove James from his throne as "a struggle for proprietorial (*sic*) justice and religious toleration, met by an infamous conspiracy of the deceptions (*sic*) aristocracy and the fanatic people of England," is silliness pure and simple, and can seem nothing else to any one, be he Williamite or Jacobite, who has the least knowledge of the facts or power of judging them. And it may be observed that the mere writing by no means justifies the rather lavish eulogies often passed by foes as well as friends on the literary achievements of "Young Ireland." But Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's introduction is more interesting than his old leader's text. It exhibits once more the strange congenital twist, or the perverting influence of early association, which makes a man of great ability, of the highest character, of a real knowledge both of books and of affairs, still sympathize, after a life more than half passed in the honourable service of his Sovereign, with the puny sophistry, and the false history, and the falser politics of a set of half-traitors and whole nincompoops. Here, too, we have texts for a long sermon; but we can only give two little notes. Sir Charles has a whole page of laboured sarcasm on the impossible and unverifiable names of places and persons which occur in the contemporary tracts on the massacre of 1641—a page going to show that no confidence can be placed in documents where such things occur. We should hardly have thought that Sir Charles would have made so much of the results of seventeenth-century topography and seventeenth-century printing, working on names often queer enough in their genuine form, and sure to be travestied by English pens. But, if misprints are so fatal, what shall we say of Sir Charles himself, who presents us with a sovereign called "Charles [*sic*] II." Obviously no confidence can be placed in him. And when we find him remarking that Tyrconnel was "a generous and chivalrous gentleman compared to Marlborough," we wonder whether Sir Charles has

ever read Hamilton's *Grammont*. Davis had done so, but, with admirable coolness, he makes no reference to the most damning passage, while quoting others. There are many things to be said against Corporal John, who, no doubt, is hateful to Sir Charles as having conducted one of the neatest campaigns in Ireland that any English soldier has to boast of. But we do not remember that his worst enemy ever charged him, as the other "generous and chivalrous gentleman" was charged, with offering to swear that he himself had been too intimate with a lady because he thought that her secretly affianced husband wanted to get rid of her. This is the conduct—infamous if the oath were false, more infamous if it were true—that Sir Charles thinks "chivalrous" and generous. If he does, we suppose he must be left to his opinion.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, in *The Story of Ireland*, has undertaken to tell it in an entirely unconventional manner, and, it would seem, for the edification of children in the first resort. Readers of the Irish papers may have seen with abundant amusement that parts of his treatment have shocked some pious P. P.'s into convulsions, and have put the authorities of the new Irish Literary Society to some difficulties in defending their having anything to do with a dreadful person who laughs at the miracles of the Irish saints, confesses that the Pope gave King Roderick leave to have six wives, speaks handsomely of Cromwell, and so forth. With this, of course, we have nothing to do. Mr. O'Grady has certainly written an odd and readable book which, though we do not entirely admire its combination of fine writing and "writing down" to the presumed childish level, is not likely to be laid aside till it is finished. He begins with the voyage of the Milesians and the magic arts of the Tuatha de Danan; and he ends with Mr. Parnell, for whom he seems to have a great admiration, only less terrible to the P. P. than his scandal about King Roderick. In passing he lavishes the warmest admiration on the Norman conquerors; declares that King John was, as regards Ireland at least, the best of kings, and never pulled the least little hair of an Irish beard; exceeds even Mr. Charles Buller, sometime M.P., in his eulogy of that much misunderstood politician Sir John Mortimer, *alias* Jack Cade; and, generally speaking, frolics about Irish history with an independence of generally received facts, fictions, and prejudices worthy of a leprechaun. The effect is refreshing, but in a manual for the instruction of youth slightly dangerous. For instance, Mr. O'Grady's theory, that the woes of Ireland arise not, as sober Irishmen, even of the Nationalist persuasion, like Dr. Joyce admit, from the incurable and almost preternatural disposition of the people to intestine war, but from their wild, constant, and insane devotion to the English Crown, is pretty paradox, but rather shady history. The remarkable humanity of Cromwell, too, and the wickedness of Mr. Carlyle in not depicting the Protector, first of all, as a jovial genial old soul—these things are agreeable *gabs*, no doubt, but not much more. However, we have had so much of Irish histories written in deadly earnest or in dulness almost more deadly, than an Irish historian in cap and bells is quite welcome. Moreover, there are glimpses and gleams of very good sense amid Mr. O'Grady's commonity. We find them in his general refusal of the madder Irish theory of a deep-laid and settled conspiracy of the English Crown, nobles, and people to persecute and martyrize Ireland, and in such minor points as his honest confession that the "penal laws," over which such a potter has been made, were in the main simply a dead letter, and that the public opinion of the Protestants themselves would not have suffered anything like a general enforcement of them.

Of such a book as Dr. Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught*—which consists of a collection in Irish of folk-songs either picked up from the people or preserved in MSS., with versions sometimes into literal prose, sometimes into verse paraphrase, sometimes into both—nothing but good can be said. There are prose stories as well as verse songs, and the history of Tumaus Loidher (Strong Thomas) Costello and Una MacDermot is very adventurous and pathetic, while the songs have, even in the versions, no little of the incomparable Celtic charm.

We may conclude with two publications more fugitive, in a way, perhaps, but also more actual than those which we have hitherto mentioned. The *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, it seems, sent a "commissioner" to Ireland last spring, and this is the record of nearly six months' sojourn there. It is extremely outspoken; indeed, people who like mealy-mouthedness will probably dismiss it as too partisan to be of any value. They will make a great mistake. We do not know that we should ourselves have written the book in quite the same style; but we see no reason whatever to doubt that its facts are perfectly honest and trustworthy. Indeed they could hardly be otherwise, for the author gives names, dates, and places, with such frankness and precision as no false witness could venture. And they are cer-

tainly damning enough to the Home Rule agitators and their English accomplices. The book, moreover, is full of good stories, as well as of awkward facts; and its perfect fearlessness is very refreshing. After all, it may be feared something is lost by being too polite and scrupulous in controversy with foes to whom politeness and scruples are equally unknown, and before an audience which, perhaps, is not too careful of either.

A book of even greater value, inasmuch as it is for the most part purely documentary, is the first annual volume of the Publications of the Irish Unionist Alliance, which are likely to do as much good in their way as their invaluable predecessors issued by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. The most important single item in this volume is a long and most careful analysis, with abundant extract, of those proceedings on the Meath Election Petition which have done more to throw light beforehand on "Ireland under Home Rule" than anything else that can be mentioned. No politician's library is complete without this excellent volume, which of itself contains enough to make a staunch Unionist of any Gladstonian who happens to combine brains with honesty, and both with goodwill for the welfare of Great Britain and Ireland.

TWO PICTURE-BOOKS.

Some Minor Arts. By A. H. Church, F.R.S., and other Writers. London: Seeley. 1894.
Round about Snowdon. Thirty Plates by T. Huson. With Notes by J. J. Hissey. London: Seeley. 1894.

THE progress recently made in the art of book illustration is well exemplified in the two volumes before us. Many people not yet old can remember hand-coloured book-plates, chiefly of natural history, but often also of scenery, and of costume and fashion. A very limited number only could be produced, and the method was clumsy in the extreme. For ordinary work young people were employed, each of whom wielded a brush of one colour only, a stencil being used to show where that colour was to go. This was, of course, "the penny plain and twopence coloured" style of book illustration. Jardine's *Naturalist's Library* was more elaborately treated. Some of Edward Lear's pictures of parrots, for example, were extremely pretty, the birds only being painted, while the landscape was plain. Chromolithography and all its sister arts are, strange to say, the offspring of photography. No suitable name for coloured prints has yet been invented. Chromolithography implies the use of stone; but Messrs. Boussod & Valadon, who have invented the new word "Goupil-gravure" for their admirable productions, give us to understand that stones are not employed in their process. Much is, no doubt, done by the best engravers with metal plates, and photography comes in everywhere. In the volume entitled *Minor Arts* Messrs. Seeley seem to have tried what can be wrought with all these modern appliances. Some bookbindings are copied by Mr. Griggs with the most marvellous fidelity. The best is, perhaps, that facing p. 18, where an old, and in parts faded, morocco binding, elaborately tooled in gold, is reproduced so as to look absolutely real. There are two of these pictures opposite to p. 24, in which old English red morocco covers are represented with the highest success. Such patterns must be very useful to amateur binders. In any case, they are pleasant to look at, as are all the illustrations of this interesting chapter. The descriptions are by Mr. W. Y. Fletcher. Mr. C. H. Read writes about "English work in impressed Horn," a subject he apparently has all to himself. The illustrations must be described by another strange word, "photo-mezzotint." The third paper in the volume is by Professor Church, and contains a most interesting account of old English earthenware. Mr. Church rightly remarks that "pottery" includes everything from earthenware to porcelain: he therefore prefers earthenware, as meaning only one kind of pottery. The old English ware treated of here is chiefly "slip" of the kind we habitually attribute to the Tofts, though there seem to have been more than half a dozen other eminent professors of the art early in the seventeenth century. One of the coloured prints represents a large dish or plate on which is depicted a very formidable double-headed eagle, the feathers on whose body appear to grow upside down. Below is immortalized "Margere Nash." Who was Margaret Nash? Was it made for her or by her about 1650? Some very good ware is from Wrotham in Kent. One piece figured here represents a hand holding a bird. The plate is bordered with ivy leaves, in which two other birds appear. In the centre is the proverb, "One burd in The hand is Worth Two in the bush." Dwight's stoneware showed a great advance on that of Toft, but is by no means so picturesque. The Dwights worked for a generation or so at Fulham, and in a sale at Christie's in 1871 the private collection of the family, which had so far been kept

together, went to enrich the cabinets of South Kensington, the British Museum, and other places. In 1866 a curious discovery was made, in a walled-up chamber of the ruins of the works, of a considerable number of pieces of a kind which previously would not have been ascribed with any certainty to Fulham. Professor Church gives the results of the latest inquiries as to the identity of the different members of the Dwight family and firm, and especially as to one Margaret, who is mentioned in Faulkner's *History of Chelsea*. Unfortunately for part of his argument, there is a misprint of a date on p. 35, which turns nearly all the rest of the page into nonsense. The illustrations throughout are admirable. This article is followed by one upon "Fruit Trenchers," also by Mr. Church, with some excellent cuts in the text, and a couple of brilliantly coloured prints. Mr. Hartshorne on "English Effigies in Wood" deserves a more analytical and critical notice than we can give him here; but it is worth while to echo Mr. Hartshorne's remarks as to the rarity of figures from rood lofts. A representation of the Holy Rood, with the attendant figures, all in wood, was in almost every English parish church. Westminster Abbey contained at least two. Yet the ancient examples now existing in England are not more than four or five—"One of them, that at Cartmel Fell, was rescued in 1875, having been used as a poker for the vestry fire, 'a brand plucked out of the burning.'" The volume concludes with a most interesting description of the old methods of enamelling used in England, with numerous illustrations, by Mr. Starkie Gardiner.

Mr. Hissey's notes to Mr. Huson's plates err, if at all, on the side of brevity. The whole region round about Snowdon is interesting in a great many ways—historically, philologically, geologically, as well as picturesquely—and the writer, or compiler, of notes like these has a great mass of easily accessible material from which to choose. Mr. Hissey, however, confines his remarks to a very few lines about each print. The prints themselves appear to be brown mezzotints, with etched outlines, in this respect reminding us of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. They vary considerably in point of merit, and in several the sky is too heavy. In almost all there is a delicate sense of softness and distance, while in some this quality rises almost to poetry. We may pick out No. XXVI, the "Mill at Dolgarrog," as illustrating this remark; while No. XVIII, "Holy Island from South Stack," is as vigorous as the other is soft and sweet.

THE ABYSSAL FAUNA.

The Fauna of the Deep Sea. By Sydney J. Hickson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

THIS is a lively little book on a very curious subject. There are some parts of the ocean where the water is not less than three and a half miles deep, and where the pressure is so great that a glass tube is crushed to dust by it and a copper cylinder flattened. Yet even here animal life exists in many forms, most of them exceedingly curious and grotesque. It is with these specimens of the deep-sea fauna that Mr. Hickson is occupied. His knowledge is founded on a number of exploring expeditions which have been made; of these, that of the *Challenger* is the best known. Perhaps Mr. Hickson has not made all the use he might of the very brilliant, and more recent, French explorations. He just mentions the voyages of the *Travailleur* and the *Talisman*, but nowhere refers to the discoveries made in the course of them by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards. Nor does he speak of a work which is an encyclopedia of information on this special subject, *Les explorations sous-marines*, published by Professor Edmond Perrier in 1886. A word might have been spared for this valuable work; Filhol's *La vie au fond des mers* receives its due meed of praise. But Mr. Hickson cannot be charged with any neglect of native sources, and his book is an admirable summary of knowledge up to date.

The fish of the deep sea certainly offer the most romantic material for reflection of all the abyssal fauna. It is extremely difficult to realize that there are creatures so high in the scale of life as fishes moving about and enjoying themselves in these dark recesses of ocean. Many very deep-sea fishes are dark, some are velvety black; almost all belong to the order *Teleostei*, all are carnivorous: their gill laminae are always few, short, and shrunken; and most of them are both small and phosphorescent. An angler-fish which has been found at depths of over two thousand fathoms is *Melanocetus Murrayi*; this creature presents some most curious modifications of form. Most people know the red worm-like appendage hanging between the jaws of the common angler, and serving to attract unwary little fishes into its gullet. This is altered in the abyssal angler into a luminous thread, "a will-o'-the-wisp lantern," to tempt the silly to their doom. Mr. Hickson speaks of the genus *Malacosteus*, but he does not men-

tion the peculiarity of *Malacosteus niger*, which sails about in the grim abyssal depths, lighted on its way by four luminous plates, worn on its head, the upper pair giving out a yellow, and the lower pair a green phosphorescence. In many cases the jaws of these deep-sea fishes are abnormally elongated, and the pharynx and stomach capable of enormous distension. To the instances given by the author we may add *eurypharynx*, a fish discovered in the depths of ocean, outside the north-west coast of Africa, by the *Travailleur* in 1882. This creature has a lower jaw extended into a huge pocket, so that it presents a resemblance to a pelican.

It is plain that the abyssal depths are so quiet and so fully protected against every form of disturbance that forms which have once existed there are not likely ever to become ousted. It was, therefore, a matter of confident hope, when the extreme depths were first explored, that the living prototypes of many fossil animals would be discovered. This hope has not been realized, and the reason probably is that the very deep places of ocean, the lowest glens and ravines of the submarine bottom, are of comparatively recent formation. As yet, of course, we know extremely little of the whole subject. It has some aspects of mysterious difficulty. How the ova are deposited, how life is maintained in so great pressure and darkness, how it is that animal existence flourishes where there is an absolute absence of vegetation, these are at present questions the answer to which is inscrutable. Where do the abyssal creatures obtain their food under such strange conditions? We know not. It is easy to say that they eat one another, or are supported by the corpses of pelagic organisms which they catch as they sink past them from the upper ocean. This is an inadequate theory, and it is obvious that there must be some regular supply of food, with the nature of which we are not yet acquainted. From the very bottom of the sea, in its deepest recesses, from the plantless desert of the abyss, the dredge brings up sponges, sedentary tunicates, urchins, pectens, and pennatulids. How are these tough and comparatively vigorous animals, none of them capable of rising in the water, nourished at that appalling depth? We do not believe that science has yet hit upon a plausible answer to this conundrum.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH, 1800-1833.

The English Church in the Nineteenth Century (1800-1833). By John H. Overton, D.D., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth, Joint Author of "The English Church in the Eighteenth Century." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

MATTER for comment meets us on the title-page of this volume. While the period of English Church history that the Rev. Canon Overton has selected for the subject of his present book has a clearly defined end, for it goes down to the year of Keble's famous assize sermon, it is at least open to question whether its beginning coincides with any critical change in the history of the Church. The Evangelical party had in 1800 existed for about twenty-eight years, reckoning from the separation of the "serious clergy" from the following of Wesley, and was still in its first phase. Simeon took holy orders in 1782, and Isaac Milner was fifty in 1800, and lived for twenty years longer. So far then as the Evangelicals are concerned, the date 1800 seems to us to have no significance, though Dr. Overton, apparently unwilling to admit this, speaks of the beginning of the century as a kind of dividing line between the first and second generations of Evangelicals. If, however, as we maintain, the opinions and methods of the party remained unchanged, the mere succession of persons is a matter of no importance except to the biographer. On the other side of the Church the case was somewhat different, and it is on that score that in our judgment the beginning of Dr. Overton's period, though not perhaps very distinctly marked, except by date, finds some justification. The extraordinary revival of Church life that began with the Oxford movement would scarcely have been possible had the Church been as it was towards the end of the eighteenth century. It is the business of an historian to trace the antecedent developments that have conducted to any great change; for revolutions are very seldom, if ever, really sudden, though they naturally appear sudden to those who are ignorant of what has gone before. In this case we need only refer to Dr. Overton's book to prove that, in spite of much that was admirable in Evangelicalism, it contained elements of weakness that made it impossible that it should be the means of a general revival in the Church. Salvation was not to come to the Church of England from that quarter. A change for the better had already begun in 1800, and, though the Evangelicals were not destined to direct its course, it cannot be denied that they contributed something to its beginning. Apart from them stood the little group of High Churchmen, animated by William

Jones of Nayland, who died in 1800, and it is to them that the preparation for the revival of later times must mainly be referred. One of them, indeed, Thomas Sikes, Rector of Guilsborough, the latter half of whose life comes within Dr. Overton's limits, has justly been held to have in a special degree been the precursor of the Oxford tract-writers. While, then, the first thirty-three years of the century are, as regards Church history, lacking in distinctive character, they stand in intimate connexion with the crisis that immediately followed on their close, and it is in this light that they are regarded here. Enough has been said to show that, though the design of this book is capable of defence, it is, nevertheless, fragmentary. Dr. Overton, no doubt, adopted it because he had, in conjunction with the late Mr. Abbey, already written his well-known book, *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century*. His present volume is replete with information, and touches on every side of its subject, but passing, as it often does, rather rapidly from point to point, it is sometimes rather irritating to read. Considering its slender size, we are inclined to think that it attempts too many things.

After a short introduction on the general state of the Church during the period under review, Dr. Overton gives us a series of notices of the leaders, clerical and lay, of the "Orthodox" party. He objects to call them High Churchmen, lest his readers should confuse them with the mere "Church and State men"; and, though we prefer the more usual designation, we have no strong feeling about the matter, especially as the men in question were often called "the orthodox" in their own day. He begins with Jones of Nayland, and includes Stevens, Norris, Christopher Wordsworth, Sikes, Joshua Watson, and others. Then the leaders of the Evangelical party, Simeon, Isaac Milner, the laymen of the Clapham sect, and Hannah More, together with several lesser lights, have each a notice. One of the most readable parts of the book is a discussion of the elements of weakness inherent in Evangelicalism which account for its failure to effect a general revival in the Church. Though it was, of course, not possible to say anything new on a subject that has so often been handled, there is a good deal of life in Dr. Overton's treatment of it. Some of us can remember hearing the perpetual denunciations that were uttered against the "world" by Evangelical preachers who, it may be, seemed to our youthful minds to have a fairly keen appreciation of many of the good things of this life, and wondering why the enjoyments of a certain set of people should be held becoming to Christians, while the things that we wanted to do were to be condemned as worldly, and the lucky people who were able to do them as unregenerate and on the way to hell. To such Dr. Overton's amusing little sketch will come with particular force. He goes on to point out the unsatisfactory position taken by the party with respect to the character and claims of the Church, and its lack, not so much of brains—for some of its chief members were, as he says, men of more than average abilities—as of power to see any good in learning except when it was directly applied to the furtherance of religion. In the eyes of the Evangelicals knowledge was in itself a vain thing, and literature and art soul-destroying means of pandering to the lust of the eye or the pride of life. So we read that when Edward Bickersteth saw Lincoln Cathedral he rejoiced that in his time money was better employed in "scattering the light of divine truth," and that Charlotte Elizabeth warned parents against the wickedness of fostering in "a young girl what is called a poetical taste," and "excluded from her own bookshelves all the furniture of a worldly library." Under the general title of "Liberals" such of the more eminent clergy as cannot be classed as members either of the Orthodox or the Evangelical party are noticed in a separate chapter. Irregularities in the performance of Divine Service were frequent. Some of the Calvinistic clergy were in the habit of mutilating the Service of Baptism so as to "bring it somewhat nearer to their own notions of regeneration," while others who served two or three churches would cut the Liturgy short in order to be in time for the next service that they had to perform. In many country churches it was the custom for the whole congregation to sit during the singing, and we are told that one clergyman cleverly cured his people of this habit by saying in his sermon that it was excusable in "aged, diseased, and infirm persons." When the next psalm was given out all stood up whose incapacities were not patent.

In two respects the Evangelicals were more advanced than the Orthodox party. Though their sacramental teaching was often miserably inadequate, they laid great stress on the duty of communicating, and the large numbers that attended the celebrations of the Lord's Supper in their churches probably gave rise to the slovenly custom, now happily almost obsolete, of administering the Holy Elements by "rails full." In the

matter of hymn-singing, too, they took the lead, and in this, as well as in their insistence on the duty of communicating, they owed a debt to the Wesleyans. Much of the popularity of the party was, Dr. Overton considers, due to their use of hymns in public worship, and this is no doubt true, though when we call to mind the great Evangelical hymnbook of that time, Bickersteth's *Christian Psalmody*, it seems strange that it should ever have been popular. From the Church services Dr. Overton passes to the churches, and records how during his period Churchmen were awakened to the shameful insufficiency of the accommodation provided for worshippers. The dawn of better things may be dated from the appearance of a pamphlet by a Mr. Yates, the chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, in the form of a letter addressed to Lord Liverpool. Stirred by this appeal, Lord Liverpool, who was a good friend to the Church, obtained a grant from Parliament for the erection of new churches; for in those days it was generally held to be the duty of the State to supply the wants of the Church, and to be unworthy of the dignity of the National Church to seek for voluntary contributions. These ideas were dangerous to the higher interests of the Church; for they encouraged Erastianism, and tended to foster the mischievous belief that it was a creature of the State. They led men to think meanly of it, and blinded them to its true strength and dignity; for, when the relations between the Church and the State became strained, it was, Dr. Overton observes, "almost universally believed that the Church as a national institution must soon cease to exist." The money granted by Parliament was injudiciously spent, the churches built with it being extraordinarily costly, hideous, and inconvenient. A long chapter on Church Literature that follows is, on the whole, dreary reading; for, as is pointed out here, it was not an age of great theological writers. We may observe, too, that speculations as to whether Byron, Shelley, and Keats might, had they lived longer, have become advocates of Christianity are alike vain and impertinent to the subject in hand. As the religious poetry of the time generally is discussed, Byron's name might have occurred in a more appropriate manner, as that of the author of the *Hebrew Melodies*; but of these we find no mention, and it is rather hard on Mrs. Hemans that she should be left out in the cold, especially as she wrote at the instance of a Bishop. Other chapters deal with the Church and Education, the Religious Societies, the Church in its relation with the State, its work in Ireland, and its intercourse with the Episcopal Churches in Scotland and America.

NEW PRINTS.

FROM the Librairie de l'Art, 8 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, we have received an admirable example of the art of the French lithographer, M. Alfred Louis Bahuet, the distinguished pupil of Sirony. This is a rendering of the well-known picture of "Ismaël," painted by M. Jean Cazin in 1880, and now in the Luxembourg Museum. We see Hagar lost in the great thorny desert, weeping, with her hands pressed to her face; while the little Ishmael, distressed at her grief, stretches up to caress and console her. The original is painted in very light tones, and these are well given by M. Bahuet in his clever lithograph.

We have received two etched plates from the same publishers. "A Ghost Story" is rendered by M. Charles Giroux, a pupil of Chauvel, from the painting by the American artist, Mr. Walter MacEwen. In this excellent composition a woman, in some old Dutch workroom, recounts a marvellous tale to six others who sit around her. Carried away by the horrors she describes, she forgets her own duties, and the spinning-wheel beside her ceases to move. The light through a vast window floods the group, all members of which express absorbing interest on their faces. The costumes are Dutch, or Frisian. Without exaggeration of grimace, this etching is full of character and very cleverly illuminated.

Less interesting is M. Maurice Deville's etching of "Visite à l'atelier," by M. Eliot, a painter whose name is not familiar to us. M. Deville, a promising young etcher from Bayonne, has not been able to make much of this group of two laughing ladies visiting a studio while the artist is absent. One sits and peeps among his papers, the other runs about prying behind the canvases. This is a rather commonplace piece of modern genre. But M. Deville's share in the work is well performed.

A COUPLE OF CATALOGUES.

The Caxton Head Catalogue. London: J. & M. L. Tregaskis.

A Descriptive and Classified Catalogue of Portraits of Queen Elizabeth.
By Freeman M. O'Donoghue, F.S.A. London: Quaritch. 1894.

THE second-hand book-catalogue is fast developing into a work of art. Here, for example, is the most recent issue of Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis of Holborn, a handsome quarto, bristling with quaint copies of woodcuts, with excellent reproductions of bindings (there is one that belonged to Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers), with autographs and manuscripts and book-plates. The very title of the shop, the "Caxton Head," is like the burden of a rondeau:—

At Caxton's Head is stock and store
Of Books—and Books—from floor to floor;
Fables for Maidens, facts for Peers,
Romancers, Rhymers, Sages, Seers,
Octavos, folios, twelves galore.

One of the facsimiles is a holograph of Charles Lamb; there are original drawings by Blake; there are Caxtons of course; there is a First Folio Shakespeare; there is a Hebrew Pentateuch bound in silver; there is, in short, all that "fine confused feeding" which to the book-hunter *qui chasse de race* is as the breath of his nostrils:—

Here's Gray and Gildon—Gibbon, Gore;
Here Hannah flouts "Platonic" More;
Here Walpole jests, and Johnson "rears"
At Caxton's Head.

It would be easy, but wearisome, to dwell on other details. It is sufficient to say on general grounds that the Catalogue is highly creditable to its producers. The descriptions of books are intelligently done, and the moderate prices should attract the buyer. With that we will finish our rondeau-cum-recitative:—

Yet linger not, O Friend, before
The shelves without; approach, explore
This "Happy Valley" (though in tiers),
This haunt of Hope—and Elzevirs,
This rest from Holborn's midmost roar
At Caxton's Head!

Of the second Catalogue before us, it would require a larger space to speak adequately. Mr. O'Donoghue, whose acquirements and erudition are well known to the frequenters of the Print Room at the British Museum, has compiled from the records of many exhibitions, and the historical sketch note-books of Mr. George Scharf, C.B., a most interesting and valuable list of portraits of Queen Elizabeth in every known description of ruffs and farthingales, of "bracelets, pearls, and ouches," and in all that variety of wardrobe which (as Sir James Melville tells us) enabled her to wear different dresses every day. The frontispiece, by Messrs. Walker and Boutall, is an excellent reproduction of the portrait belonging to Viscount Dillon, which was a memorial of the Queen's visit to Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in September 1592.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le Chevalier de Vergennes, son ambassade à Constantinople. Par Louis Bonneville de Marchangy. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

Ames solitaires. Par Gerhard Hauptman. Traduction d'Alexandre Cohen. Paris: Grasilier.

Dialogues entre de grands esprits et un vivant. Par A. H. Simonin. Paris: F. de Launay.

Les propos d'un escamoteur. Par E. Raynaly. Paris: Noblet.

France et Russie. Par le Comte A. de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Trois chefs-d'œuvre du théâtre russe. Traduits par I. Paulevsky et Oscar Méténier. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

THE history of the embassy of M. de Vergennes at Constantinople, in the middle of the last century, was quite well enough worth doing; but we think M. de Marchangy would have been wiser if he had compressed it into a single volume. For the truth is that there is not very much to say. The business of a French ambassador consisted in maintaining the dignity of his master in reference to other European Powers, but not to the Porte itself, to which France, for reasons of her own, had always been very complaisant; in intriguing to outwit and foil the wicked English as much as possible; and, for that and other purposes, in distributing jewelled watches and other agreeable persuaders to the officials of the Sultan. Every now and then, when France was at war with England, audacious English cruisers would snap up French ships in Turkish waters, and then Vergennes had to move heaven and earth to get reparation made. One story is longer and more particular than this, and, if M. de Marchangy had had a little more of the gift of vivid narrative, might have

been made quite interesting. A certain wicked Levantine pirate, whose name was Calamata, availing himself, it would seem, in some way or other, of the British flag, and spying his prey afar from the mountains of Cerigo, had pounced on a certain ship in the waters of that, of course, then Turkish island. This *Voyage à Cythère* was duly complained of at Stamboul, and the Capitan Pasha was sent in person to chastise the insolent corsair. He did so, and by superior force brought him into Chios, Calamata and his crew being transhipped to the Admiral's galley. After which the Turks began to do after their kind, and the jolly pirates after theirs. The Capitan Pasha went ashore; so did most of his crew. Whereupon the prisoners (we hope some of them were Englishmen) rose on the infidels, beat them, seized the *galère capitaine*, and made their way safely to Malta, which, though in its last days, was still the hereditary foe of the Turk. The sensations of the Commander of the Faithful may be imagined (the Capitan Pasha discreetly bolted, though, poor fellow, he was caught afterwards). He swore that he would get up a fresh siege of Malta; that he would conduct it himself, that he would spend his father's treasures freely in the business, and so forth. Further, as Malta was in some sort under the wing of France, she must, if she valued his friendship, get the flagship somehow out of Maltese clutches, which proved not easy. If we mistake not, the Most Christian King had to buy the vessel of Calamata and the valiant Hospitallers and send it to placate his turbaned brother. But this is the most moving accident in the book.

The influence of Dr. Ibsen on *Ames solitaires* is so obvious as to be almost laughable; but the author seems to have power of his own, and might surely attempt something better than a hash of *Rosmersholm*, *Hedda Gabler*, and the *Master Builder*, with touches from other plays. Johannes Vockerat is a young and foolish *savant*, with a great work on hand, a complete contempt for old-world nonsense about religion, a pair of affectionate bourgeois parents, a young, pretty, and adoring wife, a newly christened baby, and an excessively nervous and irritable temper. To him thus conditioned (we have forgotten among his possessions an artist friend Brant, who is a good fellow) enter a certain *étudiante*, Miss Anna Mahr, who at first sight looks like a mere copy of Hilda Wangel. Indeed, the effects are not very different. Anna is invited to stay, and she and Johannes become inseparable, though, despite the young lady's emancipated ideas, it does not seem that she has her eyes quite so much open to consequences as that little minx of a Hilda, while Johannes appears to be too great a fool to play any manly part whatever. He makes his wife very miserable, however; the neighbours talk, the mother interferes, and, after a heartrending scene, Mlle. Anna starts for Zürich. Whereupon Johannes promptly gets into the boat at the bottom of the garden, pulls out into the lake adjacent, and apparently (for we are not told so in actual words) drowns himself. If he did, Katharine, the wife (who is rather foolish too), when she got over it, no doubt, married the artist friend; and, if so, they certainly were happy. And let us hope that, if the baby showed any signs of being such a fool and prig combined as his papa, they took him out into the lake, and dropped him overboard by accident to save him the future trouble of doing it himself.

It has been constantly observed of the profane that, if the spirits of the mighty dead do really appear to mediums, the Homeric description of the twittering and gibbering character of their speech must extend to something more than the form and sound of it. We are afraid that M. Simonin's book will not dispel this gibe of infidelity. It seems that he employed—the italics are his—"deux médiums écrivains"; he has "discovered the functions of the internal pieces of the brain"; and he appears not to have published this book without the approval of these spirits themselves. After which all that we have to say is that we know not whether Lamennais or Fénelon, Swedenborg or Loyola, the prophet Daniel or the philosopher Socrates, talks the most abject and commonplace drivel. But there are scores of others to choose from.

A very different and a rather odd book is M. Raynaly's *Propos d'un escamoteur*, to which we may possibly return.

The embraces of Russia and France are still producing books—a novel with a beautifully simple and straightforward title by M. de Saint-Aulaire, and a new translation of Count Tolstoi's *Puissance des ténèbres*, with two dramas, *The Storm* and *Vassilisa Menetrieveva*, of Ostrovski's.

The new year (or, at least, the second month of it) has seen the appearance of two periodicals of unusual interest. One is the *Revue de Paris* (London: Asher), a revival of a famous, if rather fateful, title, which starts with some letters of Balzac's, a "remain" of M. Renan's, articles by Pierre Loti, Gyp, MM. Magnard, Faguet, and Jusserand, and the promise of what may be called a galaxy gallery of eminent French hands in the future.

The other is the *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, a quarterly of very ambitious character, which, if it could be well carried out, and if the public would support it, might be of immense use. The *Revue de Paris* is a two shillings-worth with which no reasonable person will quarrel; as for the other, we shall say frankly that, unless future numbers contain somewhat more for the money than this present, we fear few people will pay six francs apiece for them, though what there is is good.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FULL of charm and interest is the volume of *Letters of Lady Burghersh* (John Murray), written from France and Germany during the campaign of 1813-1814, and now edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. Lady Burghersh, afterwards Countess of Westmorland, was the youngest daughter of William Wellesley Pole, who became Lord Maryborough, and niece to the Duke of Wellington. Her husband had been the Duke's aide-de-camp in the Peninsula, and in the autumn of 1813 was appointed Commissioner, or military attaché, to the Austrian head-quarters in Germany. It was no small undertaking for a young, beautiful, and delicate woman, as Lady Burghersh was, to accompany Lord Burghersh on the tedious, circuitous voyage to Stralsund, the only port open to the travellers. But throughout the winter campaign and its rough experiences Lady Burghersh showed an indomitable spirit, which is admirably reflected in her veracious and interesting correspondence. Her health actually improved under the influence of new responsibilities and rough times, and the prolonged anxiety aroused by the troublous months between the battle of Leipzig and the entrance of the Allies into Paris. In one of her brightest letters she playfully speaks of herself as "a Hercules." The many famous personages with whom she was associated—the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Schwarzenberg, Blücher, Platow, and others—are painted in lively colours in her letters. There is a sense of actuality in her description of places and people that is remarkably impressive, and imparts to her pictures of those stirring times force and colour that are exceedingly effective. Altogether, this collection of family letters is capital reading.

Told in the Dimples, by H. C. O'Neil (Gibbings & Co.)—"the creepy-crawlies," we have heard it called—is a little collection of West-country stories, told in the crepuscular hour, and of an uncanny or ghostly cast. Like the delightful *Deronsshire Idyls*, by the same writer, these stories of North Devon are admirable for the truth and humour of their illustrations of the characteristics of the people and country they treat of. "Clanking Chains" is a ghost story that deals with a family ghost of unimpeachable quality, a ghost that might well be the source of family pride, yet is not the less an embarrassing inheritance. The disabilities it causes in members of the family are most humorously set forth. The old legend of Janifred Wychale, who pined of unrequited love, is the theme of the touching story of "Janifred's Tomb." In the most popular of his romances Mr. Blackmore records certain of the annals of this unfortunate family. The pathos of Janifred's fate gains rather in poignancy through the simplicity and homely speech of Mrs. O'Neil's story. "Her looketh," said her father, Sir Humphrey, "wiest and wan, her cheeks be more like a mealy Stubbard than the rosy Quarrender thee used to call them." "Wiest," by the way, is said by the author to be pronounced as written, though it ought to be spelled "huist." But "wiest" is simply Devonian for "whist," a good old English word.

The Waif from the Waves, by Canon W. J. Knox-Little (Chapman & Hall), is the last member of a trilogy of stories, of which fact the reader is repeatedly reminded in the course of a lengthy prelude. It is a Cornish story of true love, jealousy, and a haughty, naughty lady, whom ghostly visitants lead to decorous repentance. We are assured that "the living might undo much wrong that may affect the dead." This somewhat vague sentiment serves as the key to the story. Lady Trelorman is a bold schemer, but she breaks down utterly under the repeated attentions of ghosts. "Can the dead be brought to rest if there has been sin or sorrow in life?" Such is the question she asks of the heroine, Miss May Durrell, who reminds her of what the excellent Father Philip has experienced. This worthy parish priest has known "cases in which the dead seemed at last to rest, if crimes or sorrows which disturbed them were undone by the living so far as they could"—which strikes us as dubious grammar and worse divinity. However, this pious opinion of Father Philip is effectively illustrated in the story, despite Canon Knox-Little's odd expressions and some perverse spelling, and an exceedingly gushing style.

"Hotel du Nords" is unusual, and still odder is "a really fine picture by Reubens" (twice so given). Then there are some touching reflections of the heroine in a French church. "The French, I think, when really good are so attractive!" and "We English are good, but very often we are so wanting in the beautiful touches of a sense of the supernatural world." Those who want those beautiful touches should not attempt *The Waif from the Waves*.

The mysteries of Thibet will so soon become exhausted by travellers that there is no occasion for romancers to assist at the disenchantment as Captain Claude Bray does in *Ivanda*, a tale of Thibet (Warne & Co.) In this wild and facetious romance, Captain Bray has devised a pretty mystery, and then, instead of leaving it veiled to the profane, ruthlessly explodes it—literally by dynamite. There is, or was, a vale in Thibet, as mysterious as Poe's valley of the many coloured grass, a vale of sweet content, or valley of the Peaceful Mind, where dwelt a secret society in monastic seclusion. To visit the valley was easy, but to leave it was another matter. By some mischance the hero of the story receives from a dying stranger the symbol of headship of the society, a certain "lota," by which accident the villain of the fraternity is made free to go and come as he will. This person easily lures the hero to the fateful valley, where he finds the charming Ivanda, an English heiress, who has been abducted by the villain and her nurse. Of course the hero escapes with Ivanda victoriously, and a lively business he makes of it.

In *Irish Rebels*, by Alexander McArthur (Digby, Long, & Co.), there is much to do with modern Irish patriots. Mr. O'Donoghue, a student of Trinity College, is a member of a secret society who became a "patriot" while yet of tender years through observing his nurse "mourning over the Manchester martyrs." At the meetings of the patriots the usual bluster and drivel are poured forth, until it falls to O'Donoghue's lot to assist in "removing" a landlord, which he does in the usual patriotic style by firing at his victim from behind a wall or hedge in the dusk. After this cowardly murder he feels he "had sinned through patriotism, sinned as Brutus sinned," and enters upon a splendid career at the Irish Bar. A kind of Nemesis does, indeed, overtake him, but not that which he deserved—the gallows.

Among remedies for "the spleen," not named by the poet, Mr. J. Ashby Sterry's light and cheerful stories, of which *A Naughty Girl* (Bliss, Sands, & Foster) is a recent example, may be accounted not the least effective. The story opens with a bright description of a first night at Drury Lane, when pantomime holds the boards. It comprises some pretty glimpses of the stage and the studio, with some not unruffled love-making, and a pleasant comedy of lovers' misunderstandings. Actors, playwrights, and others, are frankly written of in their own proper names with characteristic *bonhomie*. Mr. Ashby Sterry never poses, and he never preaches. Serene good temper animates the genial current of his pen.

Miss Sarah Tytler's stories, *War Times* and *In the Cannon's Mouth* (Allen & Co.), though remote from actual campaigning, lack nothing of the spirit that animates the most peaceable folk when their country's battles are being fought. The scene of *War Times* is laid in Scotland during the Crimean War, and the "blood red blossom of war" fires the pulses of everybody in the quiet Scottish village, and the domestic virtues find new and active channels. This truth is illustrated in Miss Tytler's charming story, and with excellent effect in the episode of the unassertive heroism of Aggie Colville, the heroine.

Prettily got up, with illustrations by Mr. W. C. Cooke, are Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's volumes of essays *Under the Trees* and *My Study Fire* (Dent & Co.) Mr. Mabie's "studies and meditations" deal with books and authors and nature. They are somewhat indeterminate, as is the nature of reveries—whether inspired by the study fire or the slumbrous air of the forest in summer—and comprise some pleasing flights of the meditative fancy, such as the speculative voyages, in the first of the volumes, through the forest of Arden and the island of Prospero.

Mr. Charles Roper's sketches of rustic life, *Where the Birds Sing* (Heywood), comprise some interesting notes of Norfolk superstitions and sketches of rural "characters"—"The Old Packman," for instance, a cheery old soul, with a vein of quaint philosophy—that are vividly presented. We cannot but wonder at one little incident recorded of the career of one Joe Vincent, a redoubtable hand at quarterstaff and other manly sports. This person is said to have slain a Lifeguardman at a country fair, in a bout with single-sticks, and suffered nothing—save from stuff o' the conscience—in consequence. It is a little incredible that you may kill a man even in sport, and the affair be "hushed up," in any portion of the United Kingdom, during the present century. But so it was, we are told, in this instance.

The Year's Art for 1894 (Virtue & Co.) comprises, as hereto-

fore, a handy and complete record of last year's exhibitions, sales, and other matters of interest to the artistic world, and a useful directory of artists, dealers, schools of art, art clubs, and so forth. This capital annual shows an enlarged scope and considerable improvement since its first year of issue, and is now all, or nearly everything, that a handbook for artists should be. This year the book is adorned with portraits of editors, some of whom are "art editors," and some may be described as artless, though doubtless able, editors.

The Holländlarf Legends (Cassell & Co.) is a book of verse in imitation of Ingoldsby, and indescribably dull and vulgar, without the faintest sign of an appreciation of the technical excellence of Barham's verse, its facile and dexterous ingenuity. "The Schwannenburg," for example, is an inconceivably stupid adaptation of the Lohengrin legend, and "Caliph Chasid," borrowing from Hauff, does not "convey" the humour of the delightful German story.

Among year-books we note *The New Zealand Official Year-Book* (Wellington: Costall; London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), compiled by E. J. von Dadelszen, Registrar-General, a greatly enlarged edition of a work that is in all respects a model for other colonial Governments to observe and study. The various writers concerned in the production of this volume are to be congratulated upon the admirable results of their labours. Rarely do we find in such handbooks so much skill shown in illustrating the significance of statistics as in this excellent compilation. We cannot recall a Government publication that is, in a word, so readable.

We have also received *A Kalendar of the English Church* for 1894 (Church Printing Company); *The Year-Book of Photography* for 1894, edited by T. C. Hepworth, F.C.S. (Alexander & Shepherd); *The Baptist Handbook* for 1894 (Veale, Chifferiel, & Co.); *History of Australia and New Zealand*, by Alexander Sutherland and George Sutherland (Longmans & Co.), a compact and well-designed short history of the Colonies from 1606 to 1890, with illustrations; Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's rousing Imperial Institute Address, *The Empire: its Value and its Growth* (Longmans & Co.); *Wayside Music*, by Charles H. Crandall (Putnam's Sons); *Collected Poems* of Thomas Winter Wood (Simpkin & Co.); *Anne Boleyn*, an historical drama in five acts (Marsden); Philip's *Anatomical Model* (Philip & Son), an English edition by W. S. Furneaux of Dr. Schmidt's ingenious pictorial representation of the human frame and its organs; and the *Report* (Frowde) of the Conference on Secondary Education held at Oxford in October last.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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